

BOY

COMICS

DEC.
NO. 7

10
CENTS

AMERICA'S
BOYS
IN ACTION

CRIMEBUSTER
IN HIS GREATEST STORY YET!
CHILLS, THRILLS,
AND LAUGHS
GALORE!

PUBLISHED BY COMIC HOUSE, INC., 114 EAST 32nd STREET, NEW YORK CITY
LEV. GLEASON, PUBLISHER • CHARLES BIRO AND BOB WOOD, EDITORS

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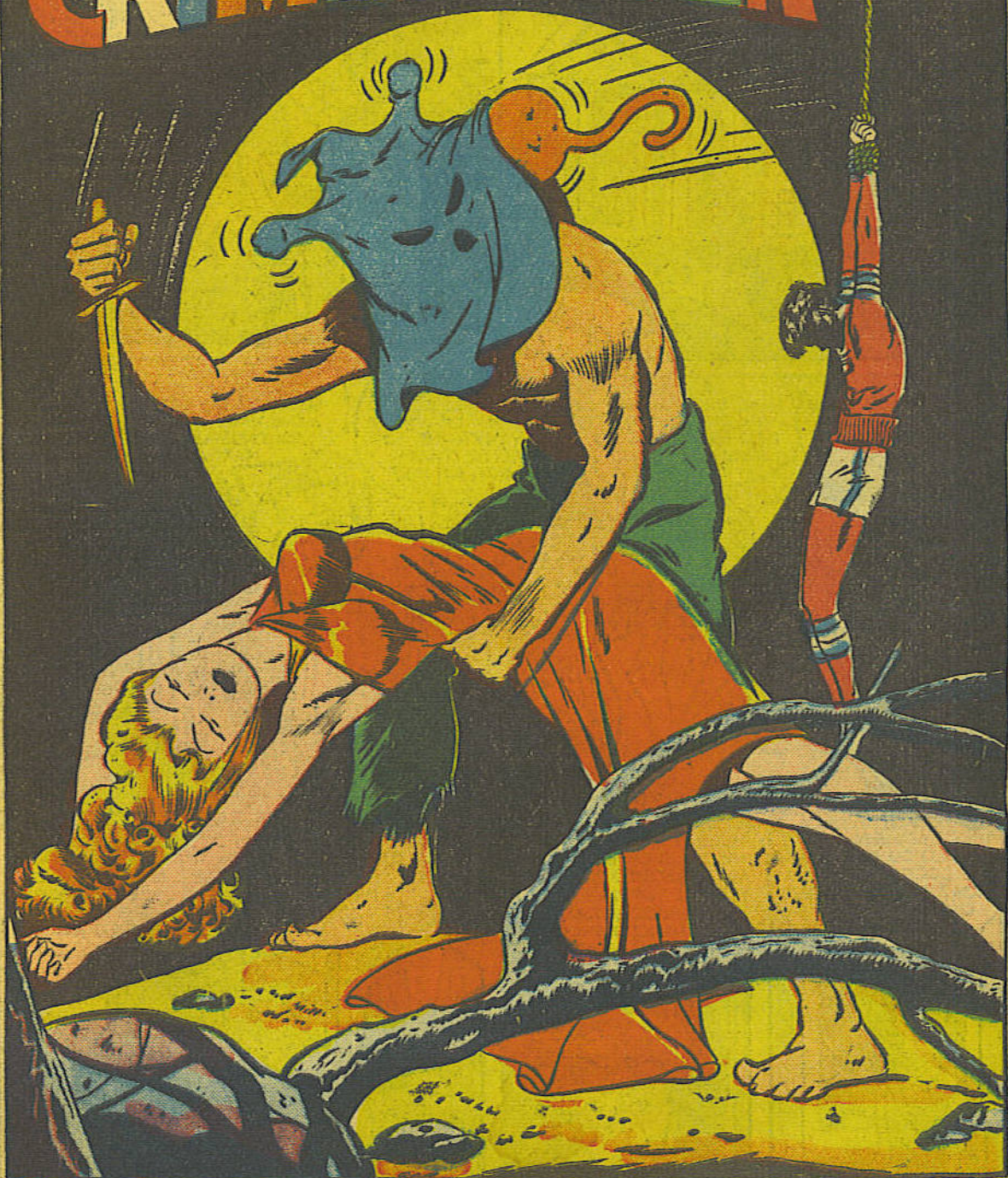




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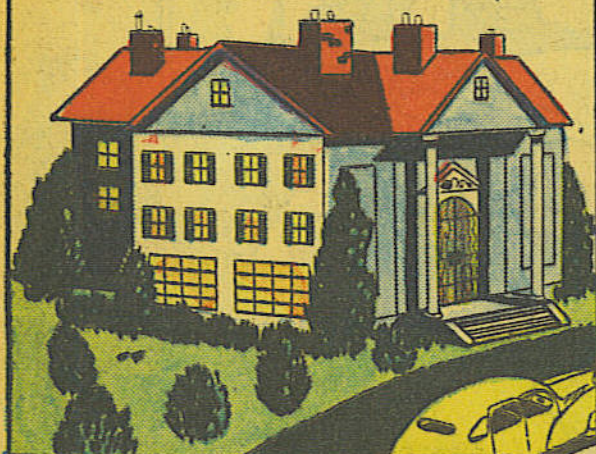
CRIMEBUSTER



WE HAVE BUT ONE LIFE TO LIVE - IT'S THE MOST PRECIOUS POSSESSION, YET THERE ARE MEN WHO WOULD TRADE THEIR LIVES FOR A BAG OF GOLD. THIS STORY IS ABOUT SOME SUCH A MAN - HE WALKS, TALKS, AND LOOKS LIKE ONE, BUT HIS HEART AND SOUL ARE IN PAWN WITH THE DEVIL. THIS TALE MAY SHOCK YOU, BUT IT WAS MY INTENTION TO MAKE IT ROUGH AND TRUE TO LIFE. I THINK CRIMEBUSTER'S READERS LIKE IT ROUGH!

BRO

IN THIS CASE, THE BAG OF GOLD I HAVE MENTIONED IS THE WEALTH OF ONE ROGER SPAULDING, ONE OF THE RICHEST COAL MAGNATES IN THE COUNTRY--HE IS EIGHTY TWO AND HAS SPENT ALL OF THOSE YEARS ACCUMULATING HIS MIGHTY FORTUNE--WILL HE LEAVE IT TO A FLOCK OF UNGRATEFUL RELATIVES?



HUMPH! YOU'D THINK ANYONE LIVING AS LONG AS OLD MAN SPAULDING WOULDN'T MIND DYING!

HE WOULDN'T CARE IF HE COULD TAKE HIS MONEY WITH HIM--THE OLD TIGHTWAD!

I MIGHT SAY THE SAME TO YOU, GOLDIE--WHAT DO YOU EXPECT OUT OF IT?

YOU DON'T THINK HE'S GOING TO LEAVE YOU ANYTHING, DO YOU, CROIN?



OH BOY, WATCH LITTLE GOLDIE HERE SET 'EM BACK ON THEIR HEELS WITH A NEW MINK COAT!

IT'LL BE A RELIEF TO HAVE SOME MONEY OF MY OWN! WAS PRETTY FED UP HAVING TO BEG FROM THAT OLD GOAT!

SURE AS MY NAME IS BLACK, SPAULDING'S GONNA LEAVE EVERYTHING TO PETER, THAT SON OF HIS!

THAT HALF-WIT WOULDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH MONEY! HE CHASES BUTTERFLIES ALL DAY!



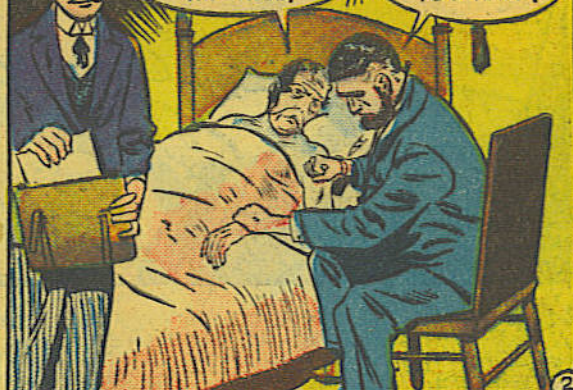
POOR DAD! IF ONLY THERE WAS SOMETHING I COULD DO FOR HIM! THE DOCS WITH HIM NOW! HE'S THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN HELP HIM!

I WISH POP AN' I HAD BEEN CLOSER! HE NEVER SEEMED TO CARE MUCH ABOUT ME! SOMETIMES I THINK HE HATED ME! MAYBE IF MOTHER HAD LIVED, THINGS WOULD HAVE BEEN DIFFERENT!



SO THE VULTURES ARE ALL DOWNSTAIRS WAITING FOR ME TO DIE! I'LL FIX THEM! HURRY WITH THOSE PAPERS, JOHN! I'M GOING TO CHANGE MY WILL!

YOU'VE GOT TO STOP EXCITING YOURSELF, SPAULDING, OLD FELLOW! YOU NEED ALL THE STRENGTH YOU HAVE!



GET 'CRIME DOES NOT PAY'. SHOW IT TO DAD, HE'LL LOVE IT!

I'D LEAVE EVERYTHING TO MY SON PETER, IF HE WEREN'T AN IDIOT! HIS MOTHER DIED IN AN INSANE ASYLUM, AN' MY GOOD FRIEND DR. CARSON SAID THAT IT'S INEVITABLE THAT PETER WILL, TOO!



WHY, YOU BARREL OF BILGE WATER— SAY THAT AGAIN!

SURE! I'LL SAY IT! YOU'RE A MONEY-MAD SEWER RAT! IF THE OLD MAN'S STILL IN HIS RIGHT MIND, HE WON'T LEAVE YOU A JIT!

LISTEN TO THAT RACKET! THAT'S DISGRACEFUL! YOU BETTER GO DOWN AN' PUT A STOP TO IT, DOCTOR!



THERE'S A MAN DYING UP HERE! ONE MORE OUTBURST LIKE THAT, AN' YOU'LL ALL BE ORDERED OUT OF THIS HOUSE!

DR. CARSON, YOU'D BETTER COME QUICKLY!

YOUR PRAYERS HAVE BEEN ANSWERED! HE'S DEAD! WHY A FINE MAN LIKE SPAULDING EVER DESERVED RELATIVES LIKE YOU PEOPLE I'LL NEVER KNOW!

TSK, TSK, HOW TOUCHING! WHEN DO WE READ THE WILL?

YES, HOW ABOUT THAT? I WANT TO GET OUT OF THIS FIRE TRAP!

WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS? STOP IT, DO YOU HEAR? HAVE YOU NO SHAME?

LET GO OF ME! LET GO I SAY! I'M GOING TO GIVE THIS TRAMP WHAT HE'S BEGGING FOR!

THIS JOINT'S CREEPY ENOUGH WITHOUT YOU TWO BICKERING!



IF YOU LIKE OUR MAGAZINE, TELL YOUR FRIENDS!

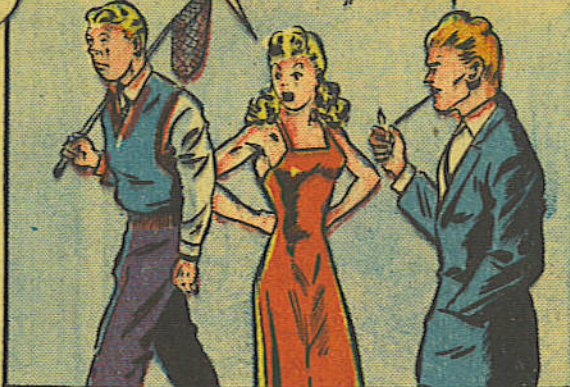
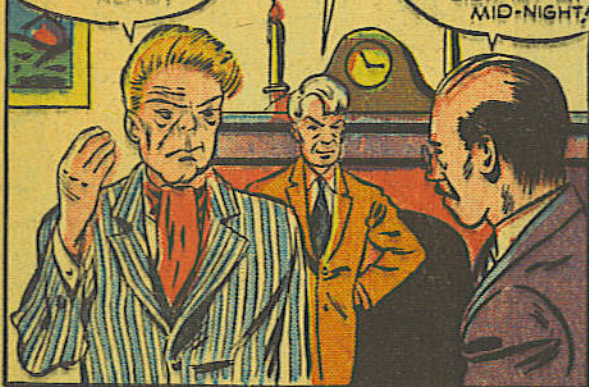
WELL, WHAT DO YOU KNOW? THE OLD BUZZARD FINALLY KICKED THE BUCKET! WHEN IS THE WILL GOING TO BE READ?

YEAH, HOW ABOUT THAT? I'M A BUSY MAN, I CAN'T HANG AROUND HERE FOREVER!

GENTLEMEN, IT WAS MR. SPAULDING'S WISH THAT THE WILL BE READ THE NIGHT OF HIS DEATH! WE WILL ALL MEET IN THE LIBRARY AT MID-NIGHT!

WELL, OF ALL THE LITTLE PETER'S FATHER JUST DIES, SO LITTLE PETER'S GONNA CHASE BUTTERFLIES!

OH, DON'T MIND HIM? I DOUBT VERY MUCH IF HE EVER KNEW HE HAD A FATHER!



IT'S NONE OF THEIR BUSINESS HOW I FEEL! I LOVED MY DAD! HE WAS THE ONLY ONE I HAD IN THE WORLD!



NOW HE'S GONE-- AN' IF CHASING BUTTERFLIES MAKES ME FEEL MUCH BETTER, I'M GOING TO CHASE 'EM!



BOY THAT'S A FANTALUSUCCTA! I'VE BEEN WANTING THAT SPECIE FOR A LONG TIME!

IF YOU WANT IT BAD ENOUGH, MISTER, I'LL GET IT FOR YOU!



HOLY SMOKES! I MUST BE SEEIN' THINGS! A TALKING MONKEY!



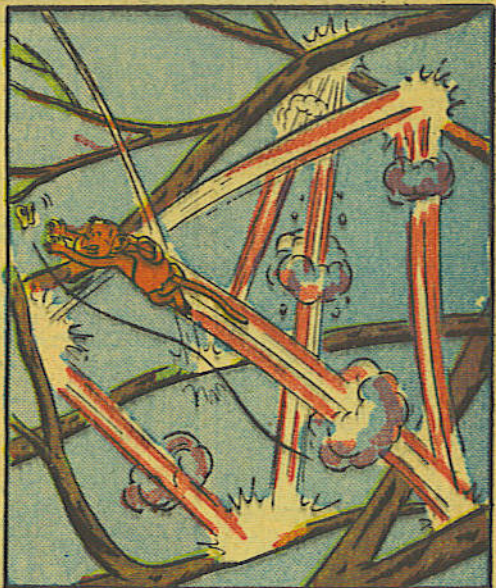
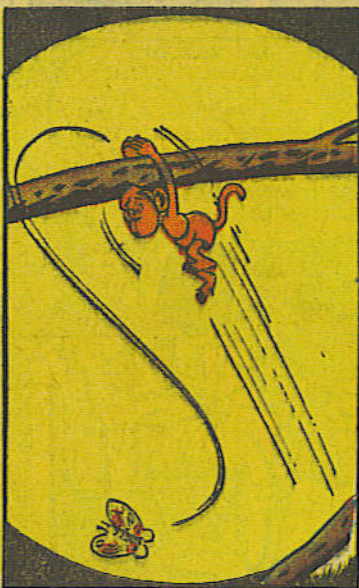
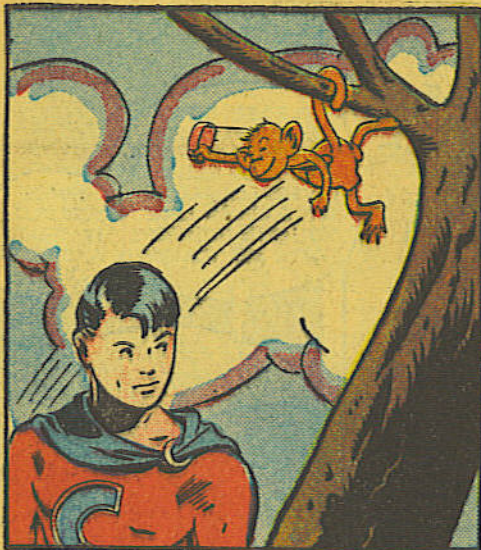
HOWDY! THE NAME'S SQUEEKS! AT YOUR SERVICE! LIKE YOU TO MEET MY PAL, CRIMEBUSTER !!



HELLO! YOU SURE HAD ME FOOLED THERE! I'M PETER SPAULDING!

SQUEEKS WOULD BE VERY HAPPY TO GET THE FANTALUSUCCTA! WHATEVER YOU CALL IT, FOR YOU! HOW ABOUT IT, SQUEEKS--GO GET IT!

HELP WIN THE WAR, BUY DEFENSE STAMPS NOW!



GEE, THAT MONKEY IS CUTE! I'D GIVE ANYTHING TO HAVE 'IM! I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU'D EVER SELL 'IM?

SQUEEKS? NOT FOR ALL THE TEA IN CHINA! PETER SPAULDING, DIDN'T I READ IN THE PAPER YOUR FATHER WAS DYING?

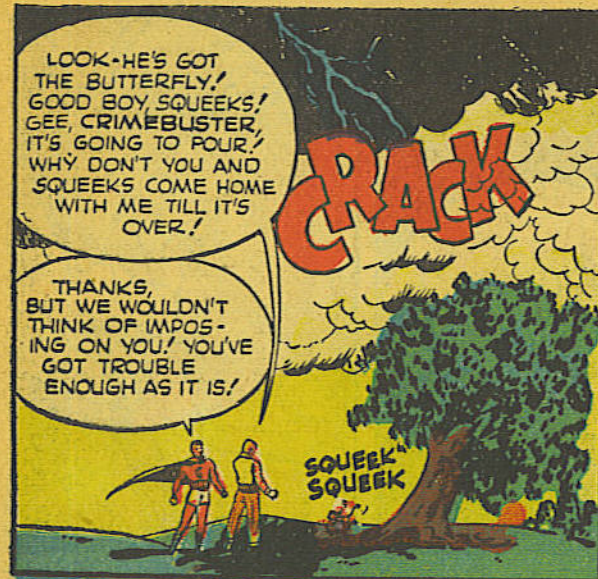
THAT'S RIGHT! ONLY FATHER DIED A FEW HOURS AGO! HE NEVER EVEN ASKED TO SEE ME BEFORE HE DIED-IT'S NOT NICE TO KNOW YOUR OWN FATHER NEVER LIKED YOU!

I ALWAYS LOVED HIM BUT HE NEVER GAVE ME A CHANCE TO TELL HIM! I SUPPOSE YOU'RE LIKE ALL THE REST? YOU THINK I'M CRAZY TOO CHASING BUTTERFLIES RIGHT AFTER HE DIED.

NO, I DON'T-WHEN MY FATHER DIED, I DIDN'T SIT STILL EITHER-I WENT CHASING AFTER RATS!



HAVE YOU READ THE LATEST BOY COMICS YET—GET IT TODAY!



LOOK-HE'S GOT THE BUTTERFLY! GOOD BOY, SQUEEKS! GEE, CRIMEBUSTER, IT'S GOING TO POUR! WHY DON'T YOU AND SQUEEKS COME HOME WITH ME TILL IT'S OVER!

THANKS, BUT WE WOULDN'T THINK OF IMPOSING ON YOU! YOU'VE GOT TROUBLE ENOUGH AS IT IS!

SQUEEK SQUEEK



SQUEEK SQUEEK



PLEASE COME, CRIMEBUSTER-THOUGH THE HOUSE IS FULL OF RELATIVES, I'M REALLY ALONE AN' I KINDA LIKE TO HAVE SOMEONE WITH ME TONIGHT!

SINCE YOU PUT IT THAT WAY, PETER, OKAY!

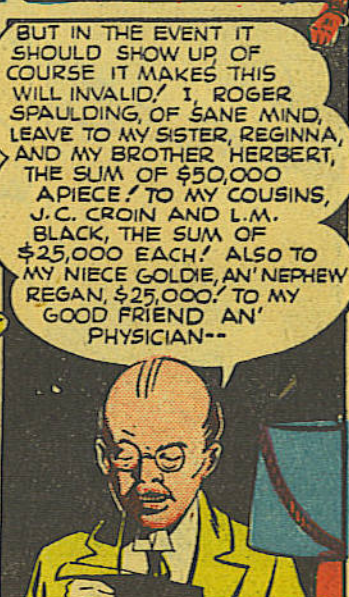


THE STORM RAGES-COMES MIDNIGHT, AND SPAULDING MANOR HUMS WITH EXCITEMENT--

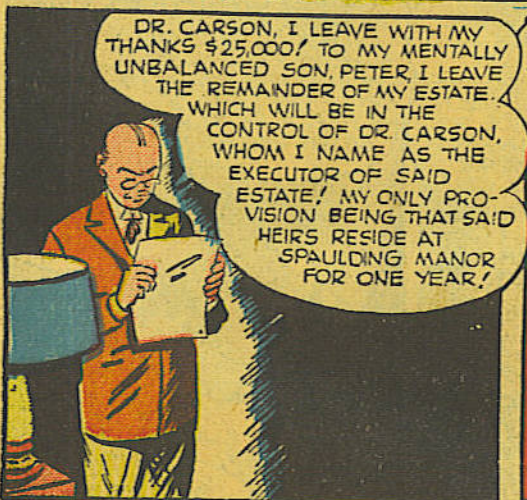


HOLD ON TO YOUR HATS-HERE WE GO, BOYS!

BEFORE WE START READING THIS WILL, I THINK YOU SHOULD KNOW THAT THE DECEASED MR. SPAULDING WAS WRITING A NEW WILL JUST BEFORE HE DIED! THAT WILL HAS DISAPPEARED! MR. SPAULDING MAY HAVE DESTROYED IT, OR IT MAY HAVE GOTTEN LOST!



BUT IN THE EVENT IT SHOULD SHOW UP OF COURSE IT MAKES THIS WILL INVALID! I, ROGER SPAULDING, OF SANE MIND, LEAVE TO MY SISTER, REGINNA, AND MY BROTHER HERBERT, THE SUM OF \$50,000 A PIECE! TO MY COUSINS, J.C. CROIN AND I.M. BLACK, THE SUM OF \$25,000 EACH! ALSO TO MY NIECE GOLDIE, AN' NEPHEW REGAN \$25,000! TO MY 'GOOD FRIEND AN' PHYSICIAN--



DR. CARSON, I LEAVE WITH MY THANKS \$25,000! TO MY MENTALLY UNBALANCED SON, PETER I LEAVE THE REMAINDER OF MY ESTATE. WHICH WILL BE IN THE CONTROL OF DR. CARSON, WHOM I NAME AS THE EXECUTOR OF SAID ESTATE! MY ONLY PROVISION BEING THAT SAID HEIRS RESIDE AT SPAULDING MANOR FOR ONE YEAR!



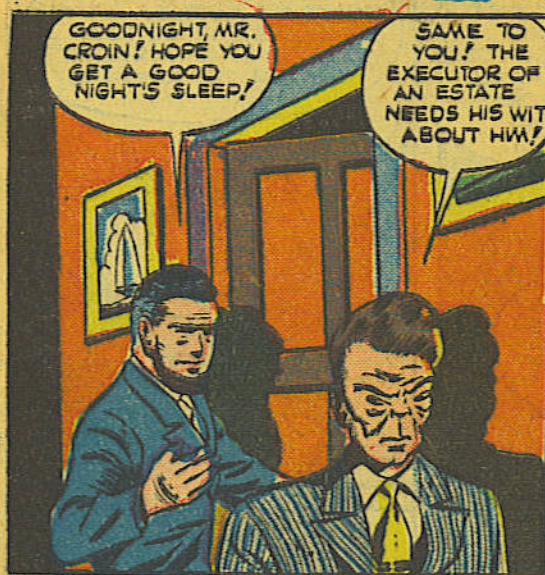
IN THE CASE OF AN HEIR'S DEATH, HIS OR HER INHERITANCE WILL BE EQUALLY DIVIDED AMONG THE REMAINING HEIRS! THAT IS ALL, EXCEPT THE CARRYING OUT OF THE WILL BECOMES EFFECTIVE TONIGHT!

HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT? LEAVING ME \$25,000 AFTER ALL I'VE DONE FOR HIM!

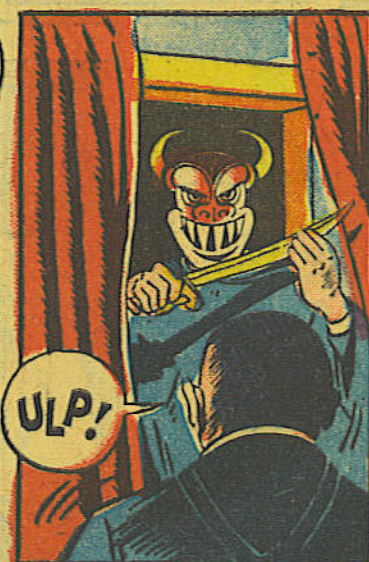
G'WAN! YOU'RE LUCKY TO GET ANYTHING!

ME, HIS OWN BROTHER ONLY GETTING A PALTRY \$50,000!

STICK TO COMIC HOUSE MAGAZINES, THEY'RE WHAT YOU WANT!



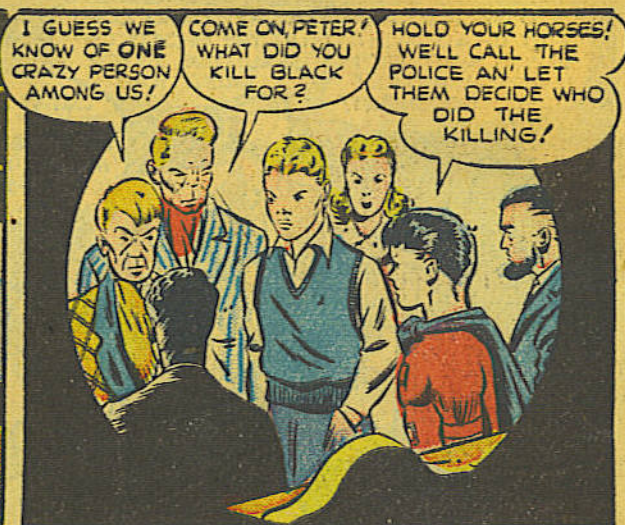
LIKE AN EVIL MONSTER, A GLOOMY SHADOW OF FEAR COMES OVER SPAULDING MANOR -- THE STORM NOW RAGES STRONGER THAN EVER -- THE WINDS HOWL AN EERIE SYMPHONY AND THE EAR-SPLITTING BURSTS OF THUNDER SEND GOOSE BUMPS DOWN THE SPINES OF THE HEIRS OF ROGER SPAULDING!



ALL THE THRILLS OF TEN MAGAZINES IN 'CRIME DOES NOT PAY'!



GOOD GOSH!!
IT'S BLACK-TOO
LATE TO HELP
HIM - POOR
GUY!



I GUESS WE
KNOW OF ONE
CRAZY PERSON
AMONG US!

COME ON, PETER!
WHAT DID YOU
KILL BLACK
FOR?

HOLD YOUR HORSES!
WE'LL CALL THE
POLICE AN' LET
THEM DECIDE WHO
DID THE
KILLING!



HEY! THE STORM
EITHER PULLED
DOWN THE WIRES
OR IT'S BEEN CUT!
SOMEONE WILL
HAVE TO GO FOR
THE POLICE!

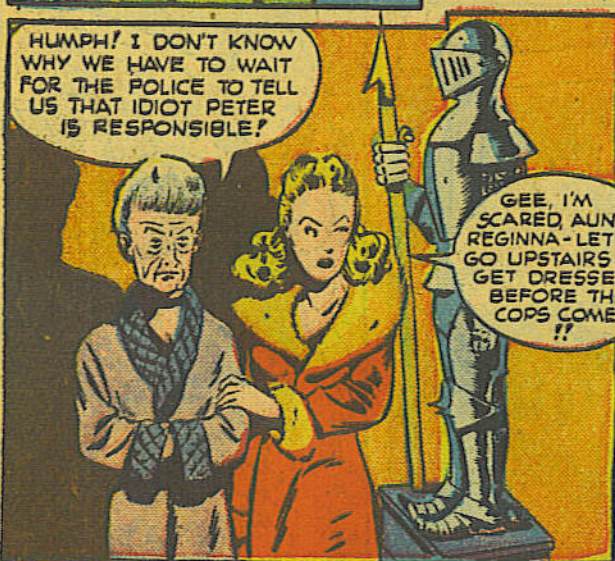
MY HOUSE
ISN'T FAR FROM
HERE! WE'LL
GO OVER AND
PHONE FROM
THERE!



WELL, THEY'RE GONE!
IN THE MEANTIME
WHAT ARE WE SUPPOSED
TO DO? WE MAY ALL
BE DEAD BEFORE
THE COPS GET
HERE!



DON'T BE ALONE! STAY
IN PAIRS!! IF WE KEEP
TOGETHER, THE MURDERER
MAY NOT TRY ANYTHING!

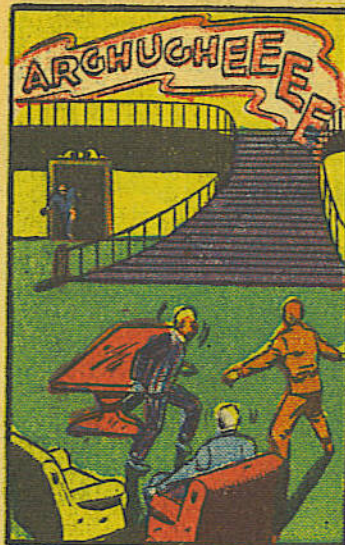


HUMPH! I DON'T KNOW
WHY WE HAVE TO WAIT
FOR THE POLICE TO TELL
US THAT IDIOT PETER
IS RESPONSIBLE!

GEE, I'M
SCARED, AUNT
REGINNA - LET'S
GO UPSTAIRS AN'
GET DRESSED
BEFORE THE
COPS COME
!!



GET 'CRIME DOES NOT PAY'. SHOW IT TO DAD, HE'LL LOVE IT!



FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE
HERBERT--SNAP OUT
OF IT! WHAT
HAPPENED?

GOOO!
IF YOU CAN
TAKE IT, IT'S
IN THAT ROOM!
SEE FOR
YOURSELF!



OUGH--IT'S
TOO HORRIBLE!
DON'T LOOK,
SQUEAKS!



THAT IS THE MOST
ATROCIOUS MURDER
I'VE EVER SEEN--WHO-
EVER IS COMMITTING
THESE ATROCITIES HAS
ONLY ONE MOTIVE AND
THAT'S TO GET MORE
OF THE INHERITANCE!

AND HE
WON'T STOP
UNTIL HE'S
PUT US ALL
OUT OF HIS
WAY!

THE DOC AND
REGAN SHOULD
HAVE GOTTEN
THE CALL THRU
TO THE POLICE
BY NOW!



SOMEONE'S
AT THE DOOR!
MAYBE THAT'S
THEM!



IT WAS AWFUL! WE
GOT HALF WAY TO MY
PLACE WHEN WE WERE
ATTACKED! COULDN'T
SEE WHO IT WAS--IT
HAD ON A HORRIBLE
MASK WITH
HORNS!

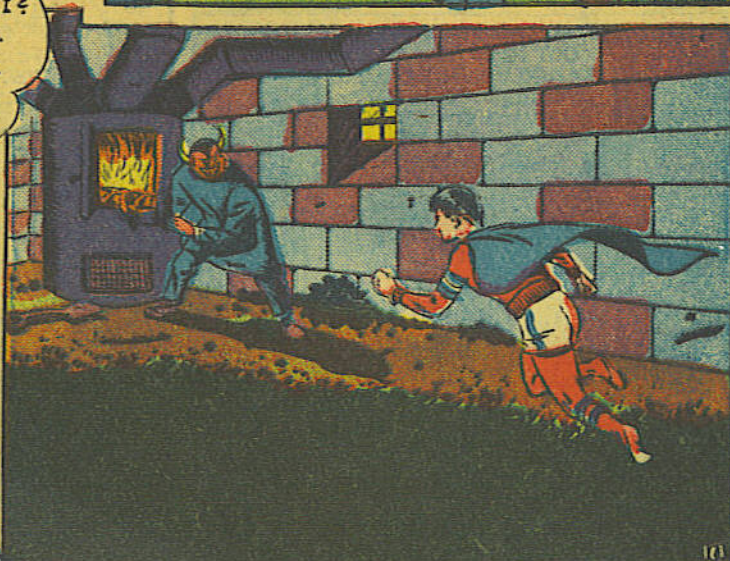
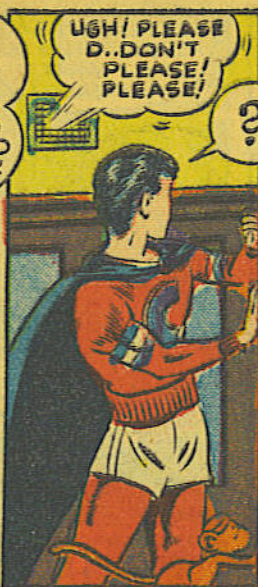


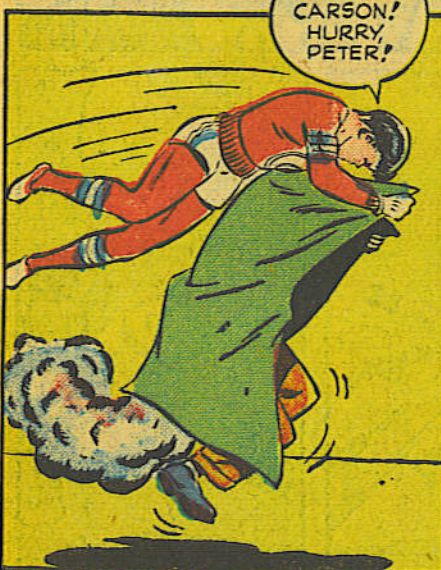
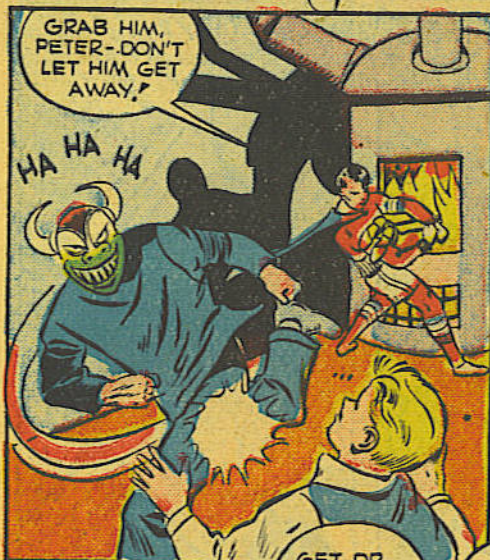
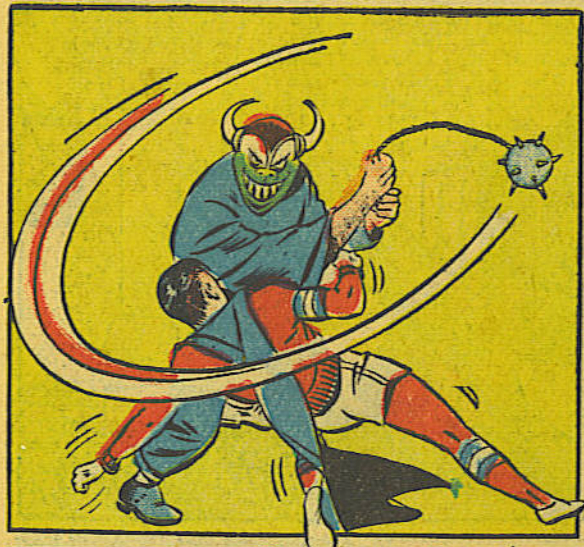
HE'S FAINTED!
QUICK, GIVE ME
THOSE SMELLING
SALTS! HE'S BEEN
BADLY CUT UP!

POOR REGAN
IS DEAD! STABBED
IN THE BACK! THAT
FIEND THOUGHT HE
GOT ME TOO--IF
ONLY I COULD
OF HELPED
REGAN!



BE THANK-
FUL YOU
CAME
BACK
ALIVE!



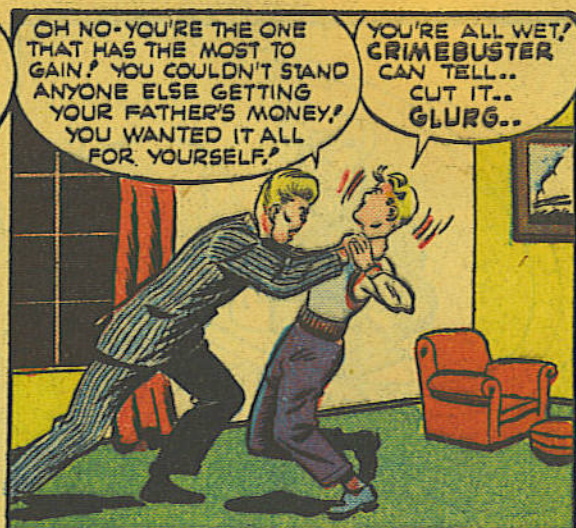


HELP COMBAT CROOKS, READ "CRIME DOES NOT PAY"



YOU? YOU MURDERING FIEND! YOU KILLED ALL THOSE PEOPLE! YOU DID IT!

YOU'RE CRAZY! I DIDN'T HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH IT!



OH NO-YOU'RE THE ONE THAT HAS THE MOST TO GAIN! YOU COULDN'T STAND ANYONE ELSE GETTING YOUR FATHER'S MONEY! YOU WANTED IT ALL FOR YOURSELF!

YOU'RE ALL WET, CRIMEBUSTER CAN TELL.. CUT IT.. GLURG..



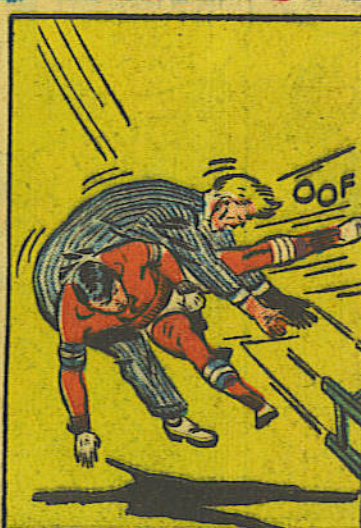
YOUR OWN FATHER KNEW YOU WERE CRAZY! YOU'RE NOT GONNA KILL ME, DO YOU HEAR- 'CAUSE I'M GOING TO KILL YOU FIRST!



I'M SURPRISED ONE OF THEM DIDN'T LOSE THEIR HEADS BEFORE THIS! SNAP OUT OF IT, CROIN! LET HIM GO! LET HIM GO, I SAY!



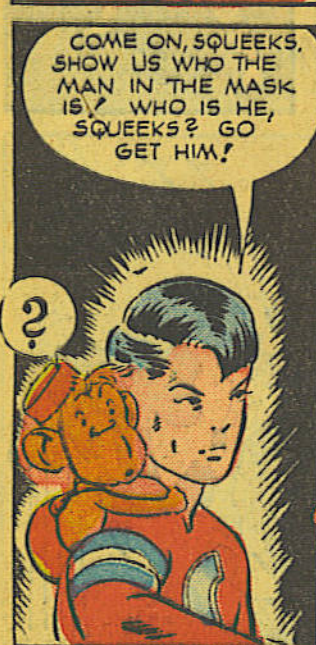
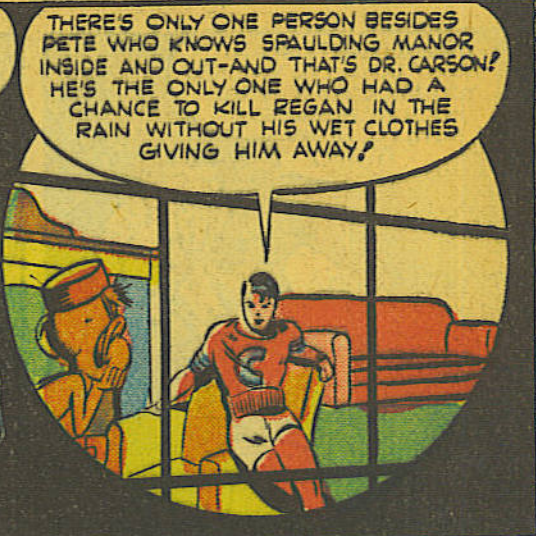
SO, YOU'RE IN WITH HIM! YOU WANT TO MURDER ME, TOO!



OOF



C'MON, PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER! ONE KILLER IN THE HOUSE IS ENOUGH!



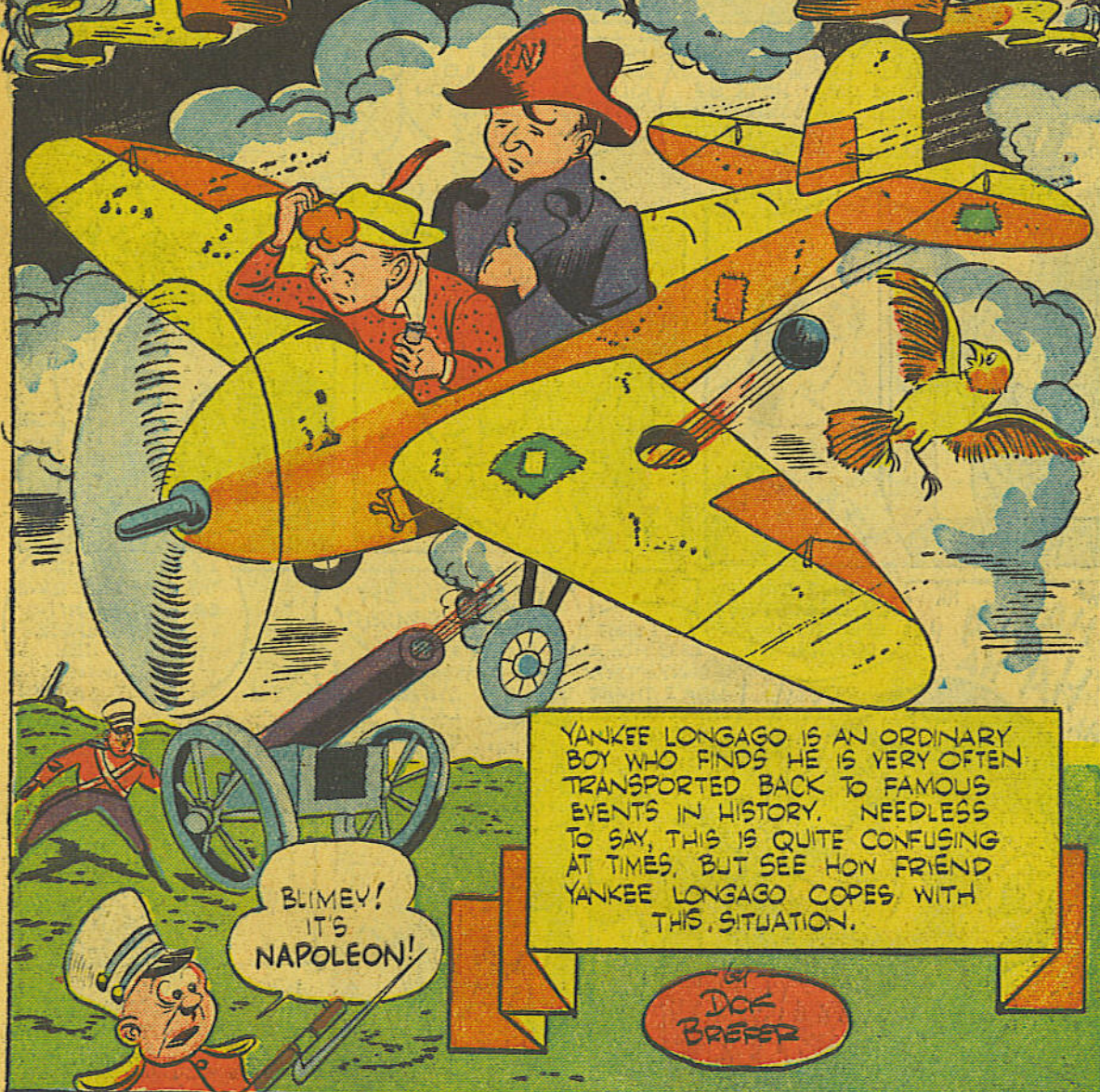


HELP WIN THE WAR, BUY DEFENSE STAMPS NOW!



YANKEE LONGAGO

The Boy of To-day in the
Land of Yesterday

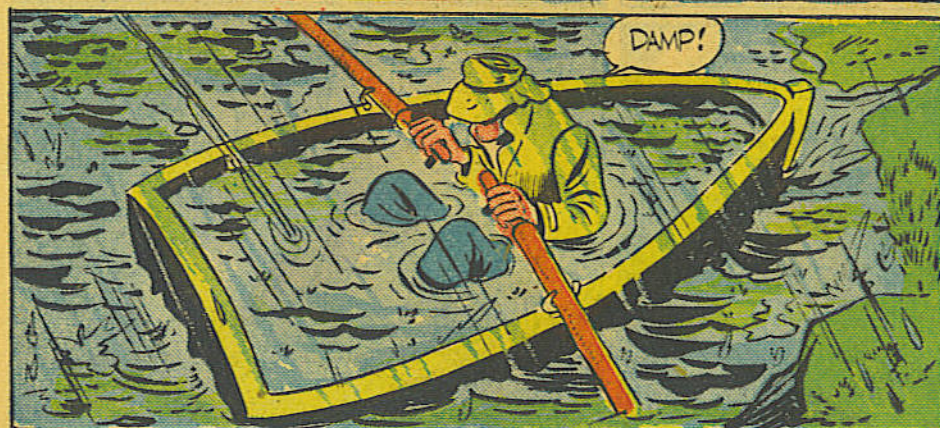
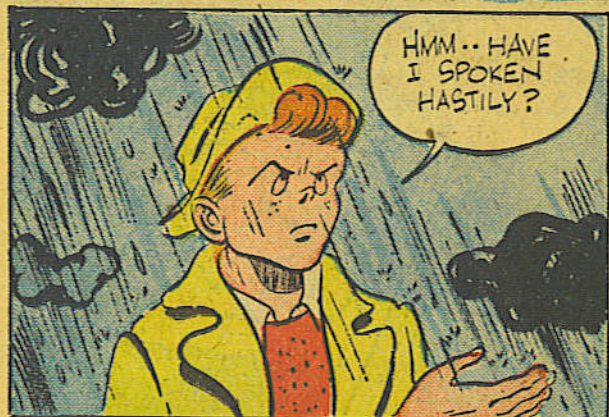
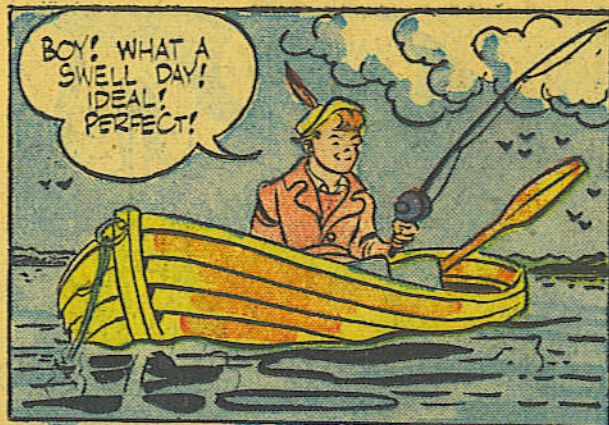


YANKEE LONGAGO IS AN ORDINARY BOY WHO FINDS HE IS VERY OFTEN TRANSPORTED BACK TO FAMOUS EVENTS IN HISTORY. NEEDLESS TO SAY, THIS IS QUITE CONFUSING AT TIMES, BUT SEE HOW FRIEND YANKEE LONGAGO COPEs WITH THIS SITUATION.

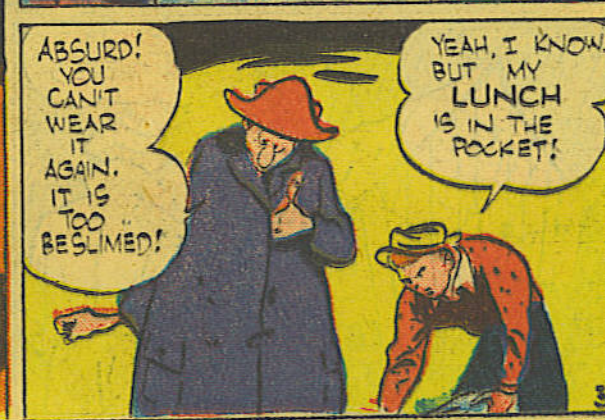
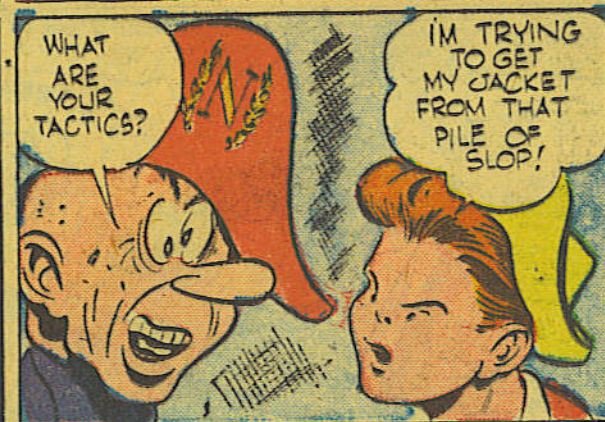
BLIMEY!
IT'S
NAPOLEON!

Dick
Brier

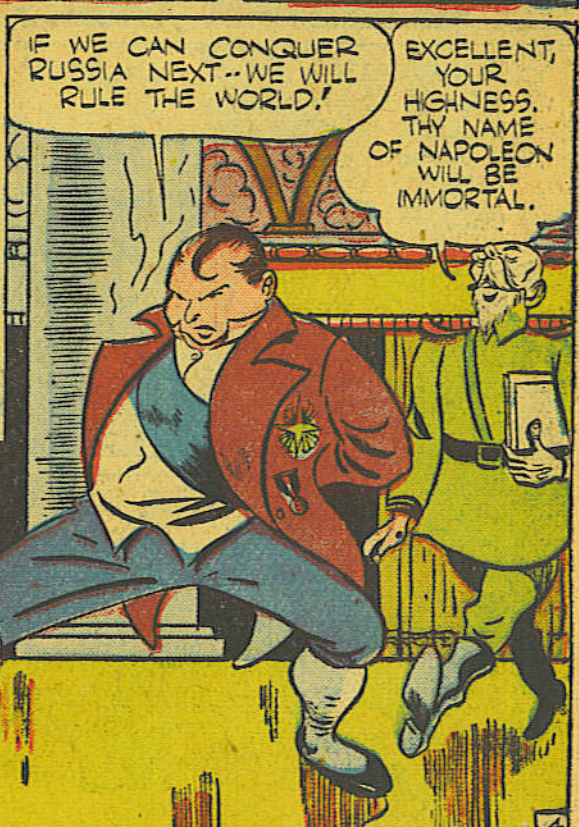
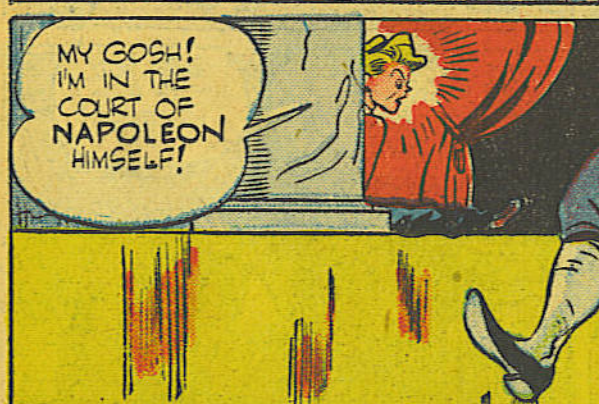
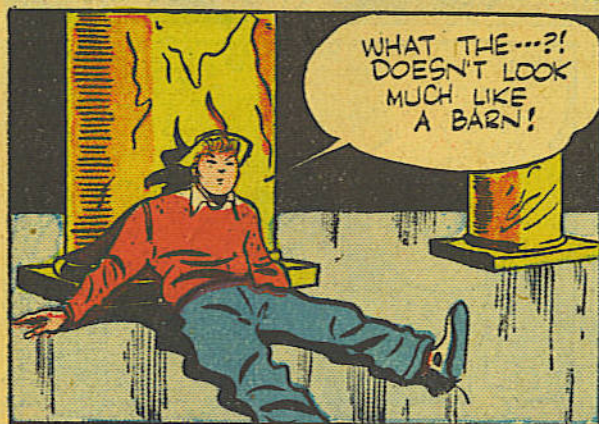
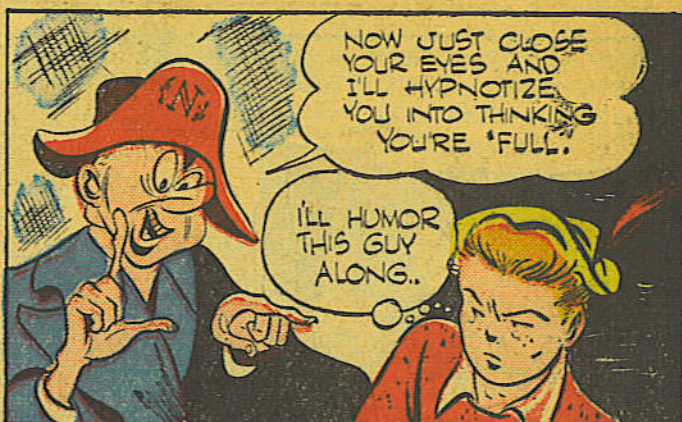
HELP WIN THE WAR, BUY DEFENSE STAMPS NOW!



HELP WIN THE WAR, BUY DEFENSE STAMPS NOW!



GET "CRIME DOES NOT PAY". SHOW IT TO DAD, HE'LL LOVE IT!



YES CHARLEPOO, THAT IS MY
NEXT MOVE. I'LL OVERTHROW
RUSSIA ---JUST LIKE THAT!

EXCELLENT,
YOUR
EXCELLENCY.
YOU EXCEL
IN EXTRAORDINARY
EXAMPLES OF
EXTENSIVE
STUFF.

ER -
PARDON ME
GENTS--
I
WOULDN'T
DO THAT!

WHO ARE YOU
TO SUGGEST
STRATEGIC
MOVEMENTS
TO ME?

NEVER MIND WHO
I AM OR WHERE
I COME FROM,
NAPOLEON JUST
DON'T ATTACK RUSSIA!
FACT IS, YOUR
DAYS OF CONQUEST
ARE ABOUT
OVER!

BAH!
I MEET
NOTHING
BUT
SUCCESS!

YOUR HIGHNESS!
WE HAVE JUST
LOST 2000
MEN IN THE
ALPS!
GEE!

WHAT!?
SACRE NOM
DE NOM DE
NOM DE--

IT'S THIS
LITTLE
DEVIL'S
FAULT!
THROW HIM
IN THE
DUNGEONS!

WAIT UP! YOU WERE BOUND TO
LOSE THOSE MEN BUT THE
BATTLE ISN'T LOST. YOU'LL SEE!

YOUR HIGHNESS!
OUR ARMY HAS
BEEN VICTORIOUS!
GOSH!

THE BOY
IS A
PROPHET!

YOU WILL BE MY ADVISER SINCE YOU HAVE SO MUCH OCCULT INFORMATION!

O.K. NAPPY! JUST DON'T FIGHT ANYMORE. BE CONTENT WITH WHAT YOU HAVE. YOUR NEXT BATTLE WILL BE YOUR WATERLOO IF YOU DON'T HEED ME.

Later

WHAT ARE YOU BUILDING-- A BIRD?

NO--AN AIRPLANE. IT FLIES LIKE A BIRD.

YOU SEE, WITH THIS MACHINE WE CAN GET FOOD AND MEDICINE TO THOSE WHO NEED IT IN A BIG HURRY-- THOUGH THEY LIVE A HUNDRED MILES AWAY.

KEEP WINDING BOYS!

I'LL SHOW YOU HOW IT WORKS.

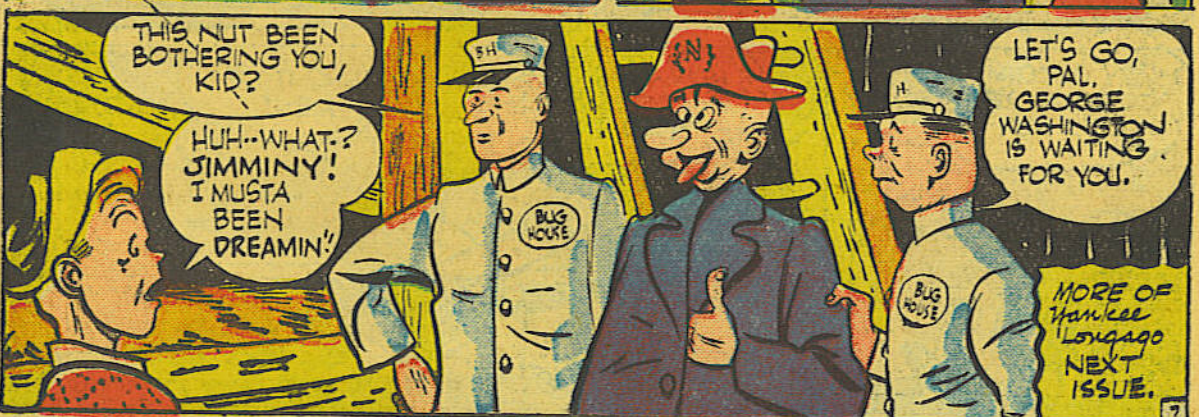
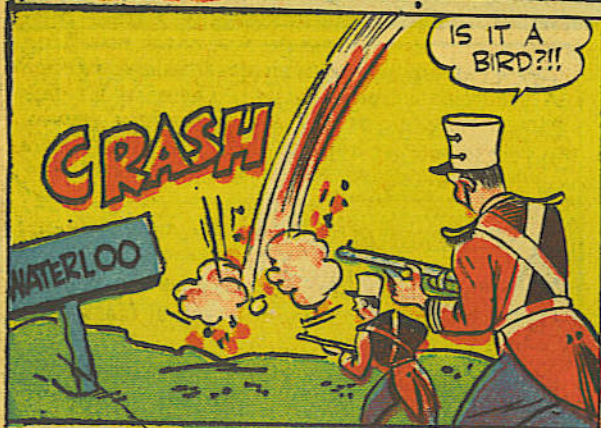
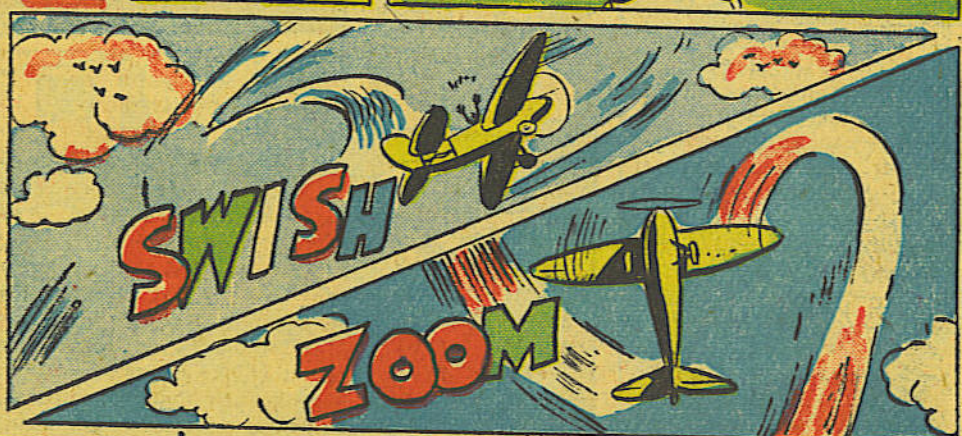
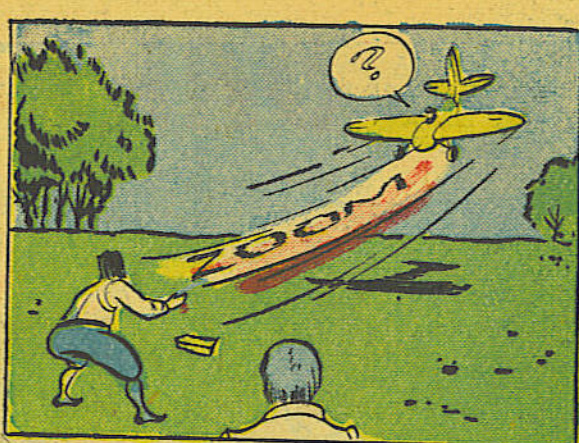
FOOD AND MEDICINE, EH? BAH! WITH THAT MACHINE I CAN FLY OVER THE ENEMY AND DROP STONES ON THEIR HEADS! I WILL CONQUER THE WORLD!

WELL, I'LL BE-- IT'S AMAZING!.. IT'S..

VERY GOOD, MY LAD! YOU LOOK TIRED--GO TO BED.

NOW--WE SHALL SEE WHAT THIS MACHINE CAN DO.

WIND IT UP MEN!



ALL THE THRILLS OF TEN MAGAZINES IN "CRIME DOES NOT PAY!"

DAREDEVIL HELPS A PAL

by DICK WOOD

YOUNG BILLY BRENNER TOSSED NERVOUSLY IN HIS SLEEP. For an hour he rolled about restlessly, then finally he shook himself awake and turned the light on by his bed. For a whole week now he had been like this. Ever since that odd Dr. Hartwell had come to live at his house. It was mighty strange that his father should suddenly run off on a business trip and leave him with almost a complete stranger. The doctor had said that his father's trip was so urgent that he hadn't time to even come and say goodbye. That was alright, but a whole week had passed now and Dr. Hartwell was such a stern, peculiar person he couldn't feel at ease around him. Also, other grim-faced men like Hartwell had been coming to the house and staying until all hours of the morning. His father certainly didn't know all those men, and the way they huddled over a table within the closed doors of the living room and talked all night made everything mighty sinister and mysterious.

Billy walked to the bedroom door and listened. He could hear them downstairs talking now. Low gruff voices, sometimes barely audible and then rising to high-pitched shouts of anger. Billy tiptoed down the stairs and made his way to the back of the house. In the dining room adjoining there was an opening in the wall used for a book-rack. He nestled up to this and listened. There seemed to be a lull in the conversation for a few moments, then he heard Dr. Hartwell speak.

"Alright then, it's settled . . . you'll take Brenner's railway blue prints and mine to New York terminal tomorrow night! I'll fly to Boston, and get the explosives to our agent there! We'll meet at the Concord Hotel the day after."

As Billy held his breath in surprise, another voice cut in.

"Yas, but vat about der kid?"

"The kid," Hartwell said, "Will be taken care of tonight—like his father was . . . There is no sense catering to him any longer!"

Hot fury had seized Billy Brenner now. He wanted to shout, break open the door and smash his fists against Hartwell's face until it was a bloody pulp. Past words of his father's rang in his ear . . . "ALWAYS REMEMBER, BILLY, WHATEVER HAPPENS, AMERICA IS THE FAIREST, MOST HONEST, AND BEST COUNTRY IN THE WORLD." Whatever happens! Of course he should

have realized. His father was of German descent and worked for the railroad. He must have known that Nazi spies would attempt to bribe him as a saboteur. He knew, and was afraid that they might get some information in spite of him . . . that's why he had quit his job there . . . and that was why Hartwell had . . . "taken care" of him!

Fighting the fury that swelled up inside of him, Billy made his way back to his bedroom and got dressed. There was only one thing to do now . . . call the police. They couldn't bring his father back, but at least Hartwell and his Nazi pals would get what was coming to them. Half way to the door he stopped. What if the police didn't believe him? He didn't have any evidence to back up his story, and spies like Hartwell were fiendishly clever about keeping any evidence hidden. The police might think he was just a kid with wild ideas and let Hartwell free to destroy anything he wanted. Billy frowned and sat down on the side of the bed. Then he saw something that sent an idea streaking through his mind like a lightning bolt. There on his desk a picture stared up at him. A picture of the greatest guy he could ever hope to meet. He picked up a Comic magazine and looked at the red and blue-covered face before him.

"Sure," he said softly, "sure, *Daredevil's* the guy I gotta see!"

An hour later an editor in the press room of the Daily "Star" looked up at the youthful face before him and smiled widely.

"So you want to see *Daredevil*, do you, son? Well, well, that's quite a request. What have you got, a couple of murders you want him to solve?"

"Never mind!" said Billy seriously, "I just wanta see him and it's mighty darn important for you and me and everybody that I do!"

A laughing secretary bent over from a nearby desk and spoke almost into Billy's face.

"You're cute," she said, "so I'm going to tell you where *Daredevil* is. He's selling defense bonds at Mrs. Lindquist's cocktail party. You probably can't get in to see him, but . . . before the girl could finish, Billy was half way out the door. "Good luck," she called after him, "but remember, half the kids in the country would like to see *that* guy!"

Billy didn't go to Mrs. Lindquist's cocktail party on Fifth Avenue. Instead, he sought a telephone booth and hurriedly asked information for the num-

ber. When the cold voice of the butler answered, he raised his voice to a high tenor.

"This is the mayor's secretary speaking," he said. "Will you please call *Daredevil* to the phone, it's most urgent." When the strong voice of *Daredevil* came to him over the wire, he felt his knees buckle under him but he kept up the imitation.

"The mayor's apologies, *Daredevil*," he squealed, "but he would like to see you right away at his home. Something of the utmost importance has come up."

Ten minutes later Billy stood outside the mayor's home and waited in a cold sweat. The thrill of speaking to the great *Daredevil* had been enough to knock any guy for a loop, but now, any minute, he was going to see *Daredevil* walk right toward him. He felt his mouth go dry and wondered if he'd be able to explain things to America's ace Crime-cracker. And what if *Daredevil* was mad because he'd been tricked? He might even get back by smacking a lying little kid around with his boomerang. But no . . . *Daredevil* wouldn't do that!

The minutes passed and still no *Daredevil*. Billy started to walk around the house looking for another entrance. As he passed a clump of bushes, two strong arms suddenly shot out and snatched him off his feet like a toy doll. Down on his feet, he gulped for breath and looked up at a tall red and blue figure. A smile rippled across *Daredevil's* face. "Well," he said, "since when does the mayor employ fifteen-year-old youngsters for secretaries?"

Billy started to speak and choked. "I didn't mean to," he finally managed to stutter, "but it's an awful emergency, honest!"

"I'm glad of that," said *Daredevil*, "I'm disappointed not catching some big-time criminal who was trying to trick me. Now sit down and tell me all about it."

Billy crossed his legs on the grass and looked up sheepishly. . . . "Gosh, I shoulda known I couldn't fool you, *Daredevil*!"

A half hour later the Brenner doorbell rang and Dr. Hartwell leaped from a chair, startled. His friend, a dark swarthy man, also appeared frightened. "Don't forget, I warned you," he whispered, "it's probably the kid back with the cops."

"So what," said Hartwell, as he crossed the room and peered out the window. "They haven't got a thing on us . . . and anyway, it's just the kid all alone!"

Hartwell's face was vivid with rage as Billy entered. "What the devil do you mean running out like that without telling me? Now go upstairs and get your coat on, this man here is going to take us to see your father."

Meekly getting his coat, Billy followed the two men out of the house and into a large black touring car in the yard. As the car sped off down the road, a figure could be seen draped securely around the spare tire on the back. Several miles outside of the

city the machine pulled into a small dirt road and stopped. Billy was whirled from the rear seat and thrown onto soggy marshland. As he looked up, a wave of fear swept over him, in spite of the confidence he had in *Daredevil*. Hartwell held the deadly nose of a tommy-gun straight at his head and was speaking softly, fiercely, in a rush of words.

Whatever it was that Hartwell meant to say, the world will never know, for at this moment, a flashing form streaked through the air and with one powerful blow sent him spinning end over end in the air. Billy could hear the crack as his jawbone broke and wondered if the man would ever speak again. Too hypnotized to move, Billy sat there, witness to a battle that would be the envy of a million kids. Hartwell's pal had moved with amazing speed for his size. Huddled around the side of the car, his fist held an ugly-looking automatic that spat death over the ducking *Daredevil*. Flat on the ground, *Daredevil* moved with the grace of a panther. One graceful movement of his arm and his boomerang sped like an arrow toward the car and looped in at the hidden gunman. A howl of pain came from behind the car roof. Quickly *Daredevil* leaped to the top of the car. A squirming hulk of humanity was pulled down not ten feet from Billy. Both men lay quite still.

Daredevil moved across the ground and took a packet of papers from Hartwell's coat. He studied them for a moment under the car headlights, then rummaged around until he found some strong rope under the rear seat. When both men were securely bound, he turned to Billy.

"Well, son, what say we walk down the road, call the police and have a nice big soda for ourselves?"

At a near-by drug-store, Billy looked up at *Daredevil* with watery eyes.

"You know," he said, "You've been swell, *Daredevil*. I only wish Dad were alive to see what a great person you are."

A slight smile played across *Daredevil's* face and he drew a sheet of paper out of his pocket.

"I want to read you something, Billy. It might make you feel better."

Daredevil read the first part of the letter fast but when he came to the last sentence, his voice was emphatic. "And regarding Brenner," it read, "hold him there at Dawson's farm until I get in touch with you . . . signed—Dr. Hartwell." *Daredevil* looked straight at Billy.

"The letter hasn't been mailed yet," he said, "and I know where Dawson's farm is."

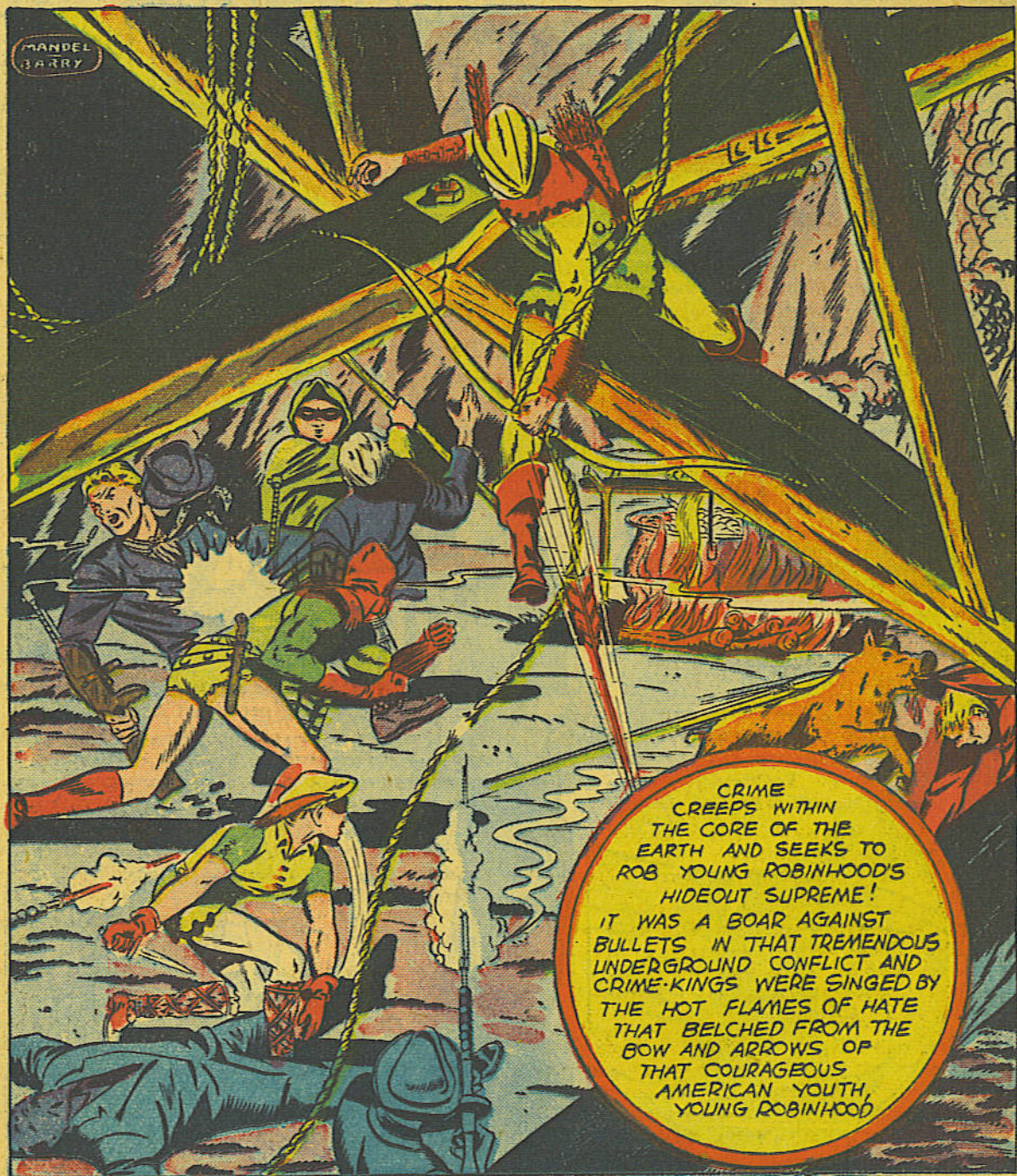
Billy leaped halfway out of his seat, a cry on his lips.

"Yippi! Boy, oh boy! Then Dad must be alive!"

When Billy walked out of the drug-store beside *Daredevil* that night there wasn't a tremor of fear in his body. He hadn't the slightest bit of doubt in his heart that his father would be alright. After all, hadn't he seen "the great guy" at work?

Young Robin Hood

AND HIS BAND



CRIME
CREEPS WITHIN
THE CORE OF THE
EARTH AND SEEKS TO
ROB YOUNG ROBINHOOD'S
HIDEOUT SUPREME!

IT WAS A BOAR AGAINST
BULLETS IN THAT TREMENDOUS
UNDERGROUND CONFLICT AND
CRIME-KINGS WERE SINGED BY
THE HOT FLAMES OF HATE
THAT BELCHES FROM THE
BOW AND ARROWS OF
THAT COURAGEOUS
AMERICAN YOUTH,
YOUNG ROBINHOOD

ALL THE THRILLS OF TEN MAGAZINES IN 'CRIME DOES NOT PAY'!

NEED WE TELL YOU WHO THIS
BAND OF YOUNGSTERS IS THAT
STROLLS THROUGH CENTRAL PARK.

GEE, THIS
WAS NEEDS US!
—WISH WE WERE
OLD ENOUGH TO
JOIN UP!!!

WHAT WOULD
YOU DO CARRY
REFRESHMENTS,
LITTLE DOC?

HEY!
LOOKIT THE
BOAR OVER
THERE!

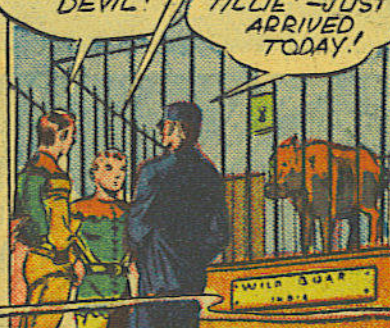
—WONDER WHAT
THOSE KIDS APE
DRESSED UP LIKE
THAT FOR?

PROBABLY
SOME SORT
OF A
CLUB!

SAY, THAT'S A
RUGGED LOOKING
ANIMAL YOU HAVE
THERE — I HAVEN'T
NOTICED HIM
BEFORE!

FEROCIOUS
LOOKING
DEVIL!

IT'S A SHE-
'TILLIE'—JUST
ARRIVED
TODAY!



WELL, FELLERS,
I'M GOING OVER TO
TIMES SQUARE AND
TAKE IN A MOVIE—
SEE YOU IN THE
DEN LATER!

RIGHTO!
ROBINHOOD.

WE'LL SAVE YOU
SOME BARBEQUED
CHICKEN—

WHILE NOT FAR FROM TIMES SQUARE WE FIND
A MOST FRIGHTENED MOBSTER, 'SNOOKY' CURRANS.

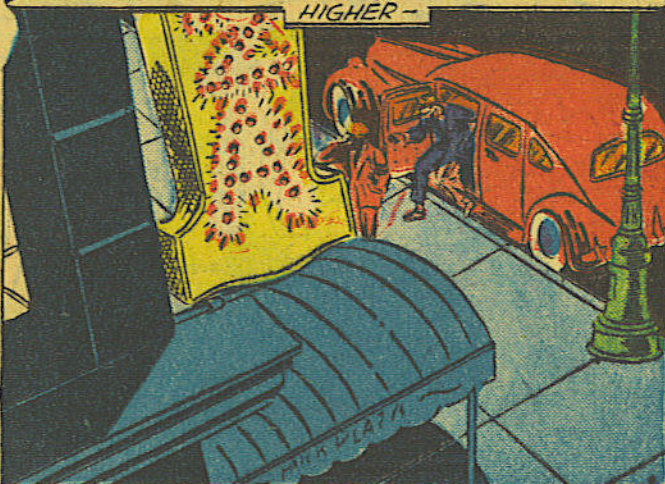
SEE DIS? DO YA KNOW WHAT
IT IS?—AN INDUCTION CARD
FROM DE ARMY! DE
PLAZA JOB IS ME LAST
CHANCE TO CLEAN UP
BIG DOUGH!



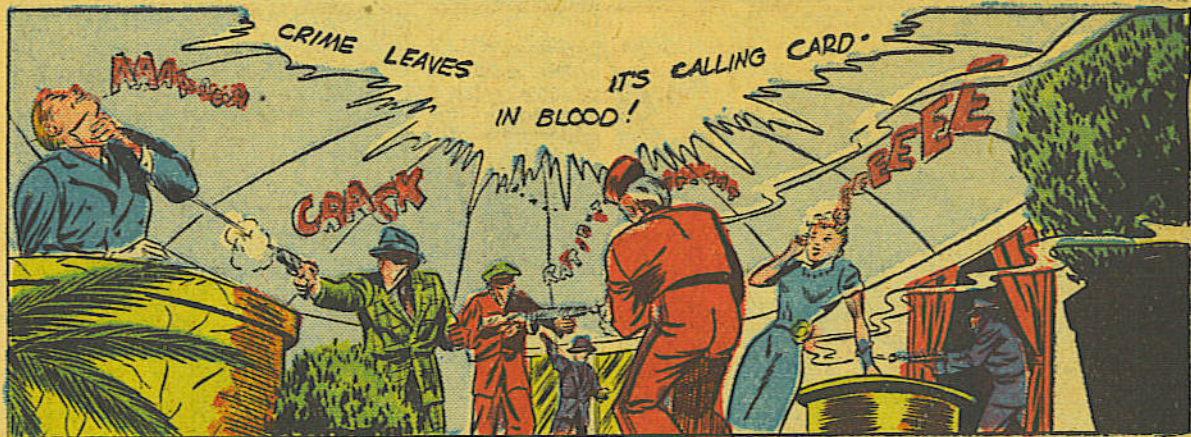
Y-YA CAN'T DO THAT, BOSS!
WHEN WE CHECKED ON THE
JOINT LAST MONTH WE
FOUND OUT IT WAS DYNAMITE—
THE JOB'S TOO DANGEROUS!

NUTS! T'NIGHT D'YEARLY
RENTS ARE IN DAT
SAFE—AND WE'RE
GETTIN' DAT DOUGH
WITH NO SLIPUPS!

EVENING FALLS ON THE PARK PLAZA, ULTRA
EXCLUSIVE HOTEL ON NEW YORK'S CENTRAL
PARK, WHERE RENTS RUN HIGH AND NOSES
HIGHER—



HAVE YOU READ THE LATEST BOY COMICS YET—GET IT TODAY!



-BUT JUSTICE PLAYS AN ACE-A LONE POLICE CAR SCENTS TROUBLE IN THE LOBBY-

-BE NICE, BOYS, THE PARTY'S OVER!

I-I TOLD YA, BOSS, -COPPERS!



THROUGH A BLAZE OF GUNFIRE, CURRANS BLASTS AN OPENING ACROSS THE STREET TO THE PARK.

TO THE PARK, GANG-SCATTER IN THE BUSHES!



MEANWHILE, YOUNG ROBINHOOD PAYS THE ZOO'S NEWCOMER A VISIT IN HIS NEW HOME-

SUDDENLY!

JUMPIN' CATS!

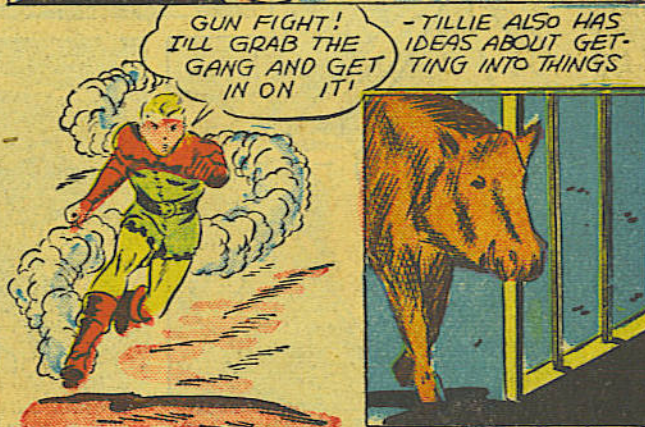
SNAP IT UP!



I THOUGHT YOU'D BE HUNGRY, TILLIE - GOOD THING FOR YOU I FOUND A BUTCHER SHOP OPEN!

GUN FIGHT! I'LL GRAB THE GANG AND GET IN ON IT!

-TILLIE ALSO HAS IDEAS ABOUT GETTING INTO THINGS



CRIME BUSTER'S MONKEY SEES EVIL, HEARS EVIL, AND HATES EVIL!

GANG!

HI, YOUNG ROBINHOOD!
THE PARK'S FULL OF CROOKS!
-IT JUST CAME OVER
THE RADIO-WE'RE
GOING IN AFTER
THEM!

I KNOW-
-SOON AS I
GET MY EQUIPMENT
I'LL PICK YOU
UP!

WELL, I'LL BE A
MONKEY'S UNCLE!
-IT'S YOUNG ROBINHOOD
-THAT MUST BE
WHERE HE HIDES
OUT!

SNOOKY CURRANS AND DICE DONOVAN
ARE LUCKY ENOUGH TO DISCOVER A
SECRET KNOWN ONLY TO ROBINHOOD'S
BAND- THEIR HIDDEN ENTRANCE -

PSST,
DICE, PIPE
DAT!

HMM
?

A PARK SEARCHLIGHT CREW IS BROUGHT INTO ACTION -

SWING THE
LIGHT OVER THAT
WAY, JOE -- THINK I
SEE ONE OF
'EM!

RIGHT!

WATCH
OUT!

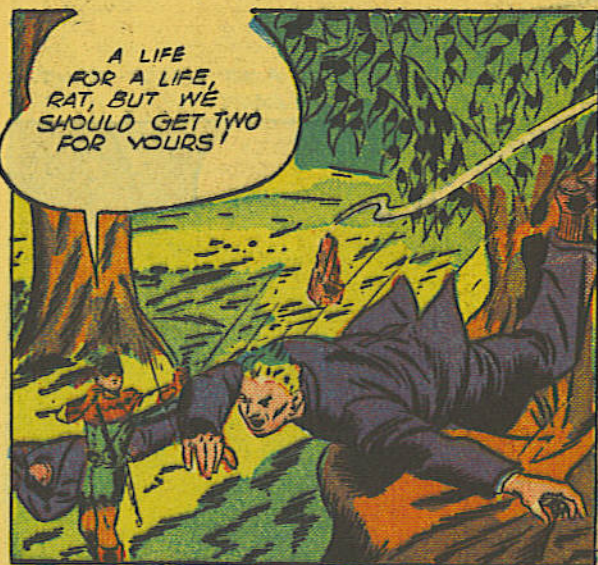
BANG!

AH-H-H!

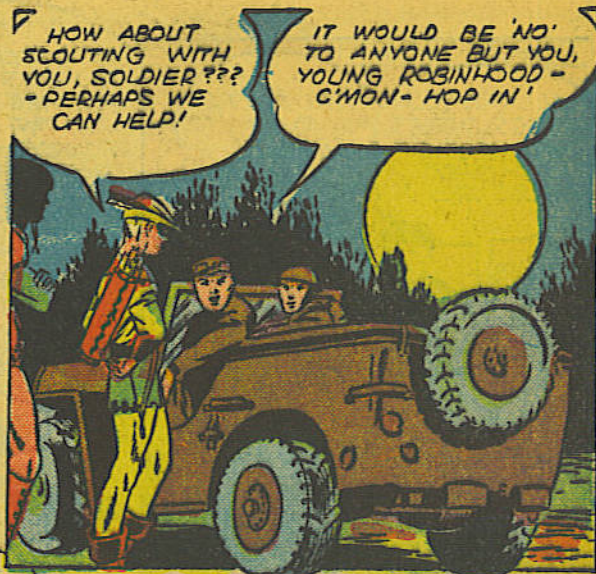
ALRIGHT YOU *\$!!! -
WERE TRAPPED - BUT
SOMEONE'S COMING
WITH ME!

CRACK

HELP COMBAT CROOKS, READ "CRIME DOES NOT PAY"!



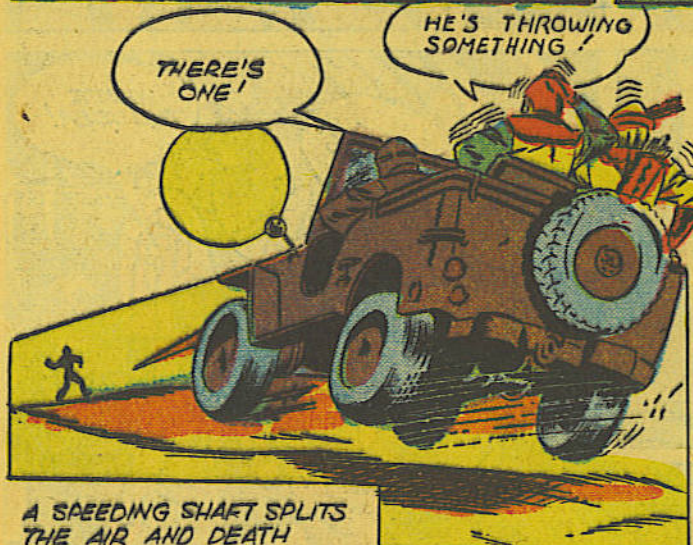
A LIFE
FOR A LIFE,
RAT, BUT WE
SHOULD GET TWO
FOR YOURS!



HOW ABOUT
SCOUTING WITH
YOU, SOLDIER???

- PERHAPS WE
CAN HELP!

IT WOULD BE 'NO'
TO ANYONE BUT YOU,
YOUNG ROBINHOOD -
C'MON - HOP IN!



THERE'S
ONE!

HE'S THROWING
SOMETHING!



LOOKOUT!
IT'S AN
EXPLOSIVE!

A SPEEDING SHAFIT SPLITS
THE AIR AND DEATH
BURSTS HARMLESSLY
OVERHEAD -



OH, OH - NO
YOU DON'T, LITTLE
MAN!

HEY, SAVE
SOME OF HIM
FOR ME!



SWEET
DREAMS!

HELP WIN THE WAR, BUY DEFENSE STAMPS NOW!

HOURS LATER...

ALRIGHT, YOU MUGGS-THERE'S TWO MORE OF YOU - WHERE ARE THEY?

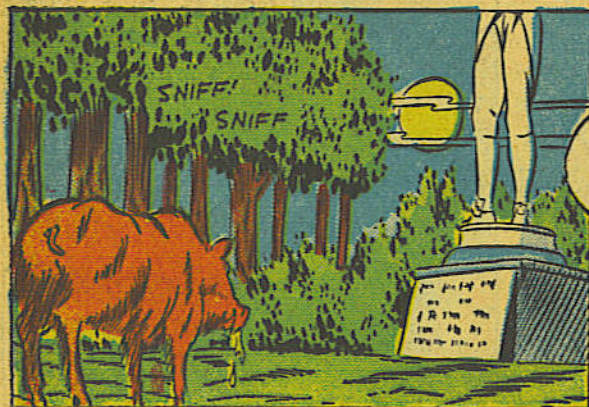
WE DON'T KNOW NOTHIN'!

YEAH!

WELL, ROBINHOOD, THE TWO BOYS BEHIND THE JOB ARE STILL LOOSE, BUT THE PARK IS SURROUNDED - THEY CAN'T GET AWAY - BETTER GO GET SOME SLEEP, SON -

WE'LL BE BACK IN THE MORNING, SERGEANT!

AS THE BAND HEADS HOMEWARD, A DARK FIGURE WATCHES



SNIFF! SNIFF

- NEVER MIND HOW WE GOT HERE - BUT IT'S A NICE HIDEOUT AN' WE LIKE IT - NO COPS ARE GONNA COME NOSING AROUND THIS DUG-OUT - SO WE'RE STAYIN' - AND YOUSE GUYS IS LEAVIN' - FEET FIRST!

YEAH - PLEASE LINE UP AGAINST THE WALL AND MAKE IT EASY!

WELCOME HOME, BOYS!

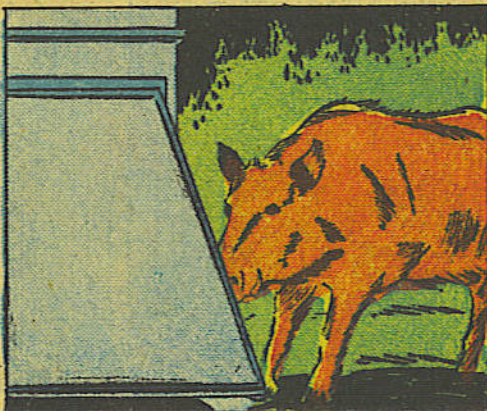
T' THE CROOKS!

WHAT'S THE IDEA!

- DON'T TRY ANY TRICKS, OR ELSE -



OUTSIDE TILLIE IS HAVING HER PROBLEMS SHE SAW HER FRIEND DISAPPEAR AT THIS SPOT - SOME PLACE, SOME HOW!



IF YOU LIKE OUR MAGAZINE, TELL YOUR FRIENDS!

NOW, MY HALF-DINT
CRIME BREAKER-UPPER-
YOU'RE ALL DONE-KINDA
SHORT CAREER-YA HAD,
WASN'T IT?

BUT:
TILLIE?

COME ON!

LET 'EM UP!
LET 'EM UP OR
I'LL BLAST YOUR
HEAD OFF!

BE GOOD,
ROPE!

HERE'S
A SHORT
UPPERCUT FROM
A 'SHORT CAREER
BOY'!

OW!
HALP!

ATTA
GIRL,
TILLIE!

I THINK
THE BIG ONE'S
A LITTLE
OVERDONE!

WE'RE BOININ'!
DON'T
PLEASE DON'T!
HELP!

I'LL GET
THE POLICE!

SORRY WE
COULDN'T GIVE YOU
THE 'RAT-MEAT', TILLIE-
IT WOULD HAVE
MADE YOU SICK,
ANYWAY!

BEWARE!

ALL READERS OF COMIC
MAGAZINES ARE WARNED
TO BE PREPARED FOR
THE NEXT ISSUE'S
SPINE-CHILLING, HEART-
STOPPING EPISODE-
WATCH FOR IT !!!

WE'RE JUST WARMING
YOU UP FOR THE ELECTRIC
CHAIR!

STICK TO COMIC HOUSE MAGAZINES, THEY'RE WHAT YOU WANT!

DICKIE DEAN

THE BOY INVENTOR

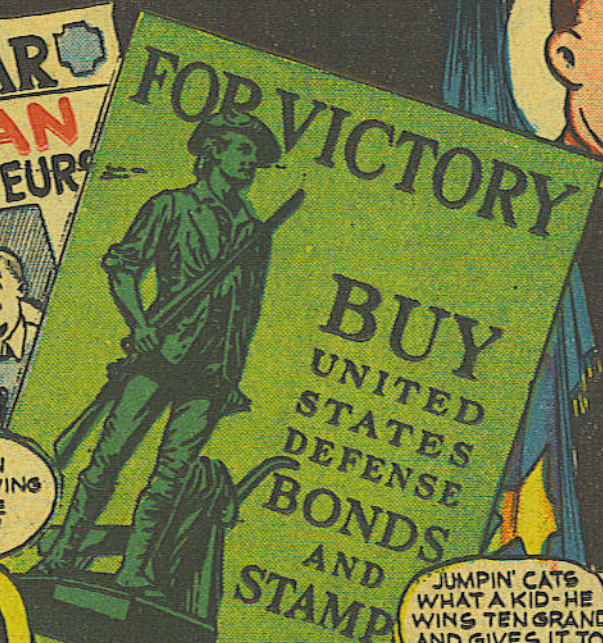
DAILY STAR
DICKIE DEAN
CAPTURES SABOTEURS

RECEIVES \$10,000
 REWARD MONEY...
 YOUTHFUL INVENTOR
 FETED AT WHITE
 HOUSE BY PRES-
 IDENT FOR DARING
 ACCOMPLISH-
 MENT.....



I'D LIKE
 TO EXCHANGE
 THIS REWARD MONEY
 FOR GOVERNMENT
 BONDS!

YOU MEAN
 YOU'RE BUYING
 ALL THOSE
 BONDS?



JUMPIN' CATS
 WHAT A KID - HE
 WINS TEN GRAND
 AND GIVES IT TO
 THE U.S.

If your best
 friend was ill and
 needed medicine -
 would you spend your
 last dollar for it? You
 would! Well, Uncle Sam
 isn't sick but he sure
 needs help. Give all you
 can. Remember - a
 bond today is a
 bomb tomorrow!
 Dickie Dean

TOO YOUNG TO JOIN THE ARMY,
 DICKIE AND HIS GIDE-KICK, ZIP
 TODD, PONDER FOR MORE AND
 BETTER WAYS TO HELP UNCLE SAM..

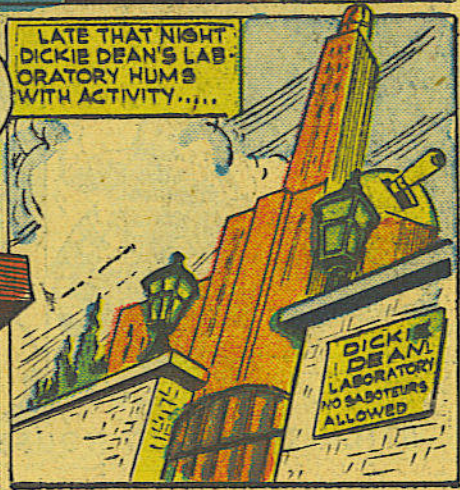
GOSH! GEE
 WILLIKERS, DICKIE!
 I KINDA THOUGHT IT
 ALL OVER..SURE IS
 SWELL TO PULL
 YOUR COUNTRY
 OUT OF A
 HOLE!

YES, BUT
 EVERYBODY ELSE
 HAS TO HELP, TOO!
 IF ONLY....SAY-Y-Y,
 COME ON, ZIP!

I'M GOING
 TO TRY AND INVENT
 A MACHINE THAT WILL
 MAKE EVERYBODY
 BUY DEFENSE BONDS
 AND STAMPS, ZIP!

BUT
 HOW-
 DICKIE?

LATE THAT NIGHT
 DICKIE DEAN'S LAB-
 ORATORY HUMS
 WITH ACTIVITY....



NEXT MORNINGS

THERE SHE IS - ALL FINISHED, ZIP!

HUMPH! DOESN'T LOOK LIKE MUCH TO ME!

MAYBE NOT, BUT WHATEVER ANYONE PUTS INTO THIS MACHINE WILL BE REDUCED TO ITS REAL MATERIAL VALUE IN DEFENSE BONDS. EVEN JUNK IS WORTH SOMETHING!

WHEN GOODS REACH \$19.75 WORTH, A FRESH NEW BOND COMES OUT OF THIS END!

WELL, FER-

WONDER WHAT VALUE MY MOTHER IN LAW'S PICTURE WILL BRING?

WE CAN ALWAYS USE BROOMSTICKS - IF THE NAZIS WIN, THERE WON'T BE ANY BASE-BALL!

COME ON, CHUMPS, WE'D BE CHUMPS NOT TO GRAB THIS CHANCE!

BETTER THAN THE GLUE FACTORY!

AM I MORTIFIED... DEY WON'T EVEN ACCEPT ME SCHNOZ-ZOLA FOR ONE STAMP - IT'S UNCONSTITUTIONAL!

ROCHESTER, YOU'RE SEEING THE MIRACLE OF THE AGE - I'M SENDING UNCLE SAM A BOUQUET FOR THIS!

(SIGH) NO MORE B (SIGH)

GET IN LINE WITH THE REST OF THE FELLOWS AND SHOW DICKIE YOU'RE A REAL AMERICAN, TOO!

BUY MORE THAN YOUR SHARE OF UNCLE SAM'S VICTORY BONDS AND STAMPS - WE MUST BEAT THE AXIS!

Mortland

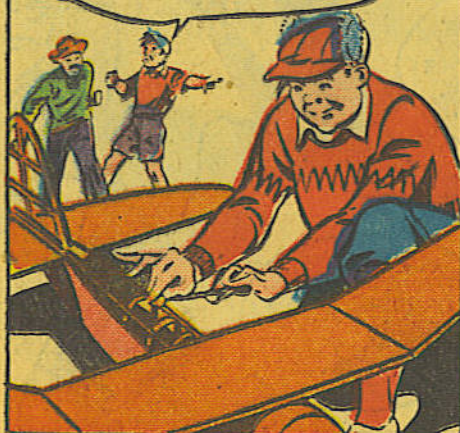
SWOOP STORM



A MINIATURE PLANE
BRINGS A MAMMOTH
AMOUNT OF TROUBLE
TO 'SWOOD' STORM AND
HIS PAL, WINKIE -
- BUT UNDERNEATH
THE FROLICKING FREE
FOR ALL LIES A GRIM
PLOT THAT THREATENS
TO ENVELOP ALL BE-
FORE IT AND DESTROY
FOREVER A MASTER
INVENTION -

WE FIND WINKIE HARD AT WORK ON
HIS OWN PRIVATE INVENTION -

HEY, LOOK-THERE'S SWOOD'S
PAL-HE KNOWS ALL ABOUT
PLANES, I BET!



GREETINGS, BOYS,
JUST PUTTING THE
FINISHING TOUCHES
ON MY NEW BENT WING
MODEL - IT TAKES OFF
TWICE AS FAST AS
ANYTHING IN THE AIR!

NO
KIDDING?



YOU'RE JUST THE
FELLOW WE WANT
TO SEE -- WE'RE
HAVING AN AIR
CLUB MEETING
TONIGHT!

-AND WE
NEED SOMEONE
TO DEMONSTRATE
MODEL PLANE
BUILDING!

HUH?



BE LIKE DAREDEVIL, ALWAYS ON THE LEVEL!

SWOOP RETURNS HOME -
THAT AFTERNOON -

WHAT'S THIS! TEACHING
KIDS HOW TO FLY AT THE
TOWN HALL - SEE YOU
LATER - WINKIE!



NOW, FELLERS - OBSERVE
CLOSELY THE TECHNIQUE OF
HANDLING THAT I EMPLOY -
-YA GOTTA TREAT A PLANE
JUST LIKE IT WAS HUMAN,
Y'KNOW!

AW -
DHOOEY - THAT'LL
NEVER FLY!



KEEP YOUR
MOUTH SHUT OR
WE'LL THROW
YOU OUT!

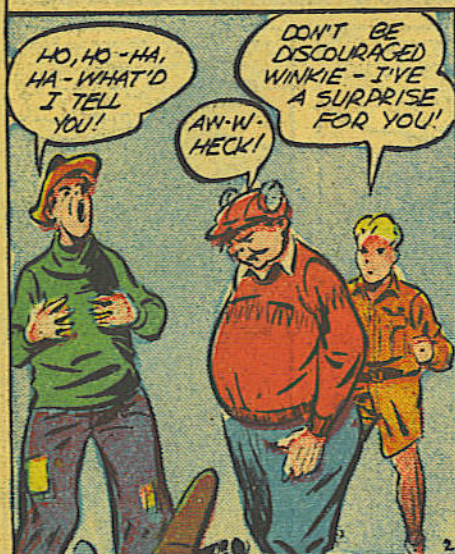
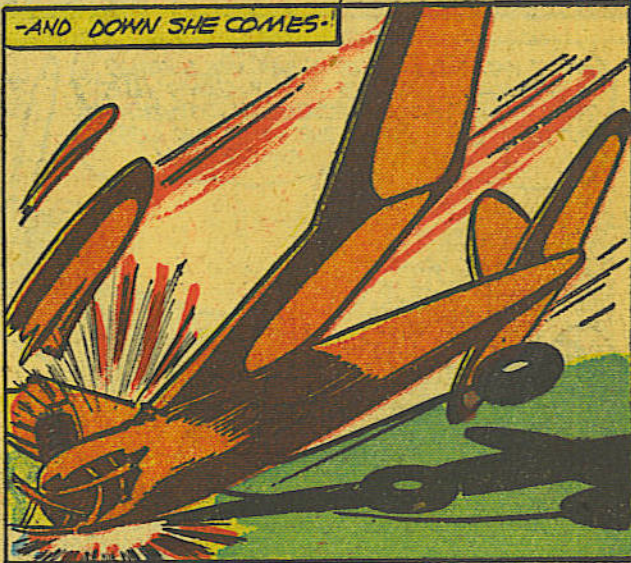
SURE,
WINKIE'S GOT
A GOOD
PLANE!



-AN OFF
SHE GOES!

DON'T
MIND HIM,
WINKIE - THAT'S
'STINKER' HAUPTMAN,
- HE'S A PILL!

-AND DOWN SHE COMES-



HO, HO - HA,
HA - WHAT'D
I TELL
YOU!

AW-W-
HECK!

DON'T BE
DISCOURAGED
WINKIE - I'VE
A SURPRISE
FOR YOU!

ANYONE WHO'D LIKE
TO SEE MY NEW INVENTION
JUST FOLLOW
ME!

INVENTION?
-SO SWOOP IS
GONNA SHOW
US ONE,
TOO, EH?



THIS IS JUST
WHAT POP'S
BEEN WAITIN'
FOR...



GET "CRIME DOES NOT PAY". SHOW IT TO DAD, HE'LL LOVE IT!



--YEAH, YEAH-- IT'S SOME NEW INVENTION AN HE'S GONNA LET US SEE IT TESTED!

GOODY WORK, SON, I WILL PAY HIS LABORATORY A VISIT!

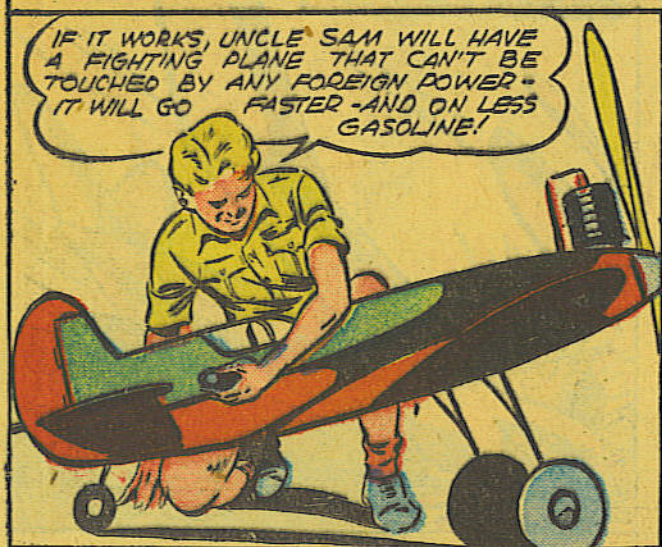


SWOOD STORM IS GETTING TOO SMART FOR HIS BRITCHES-- I THINK I SHOULD RELIEVE HIM OF DOSE PLANS!

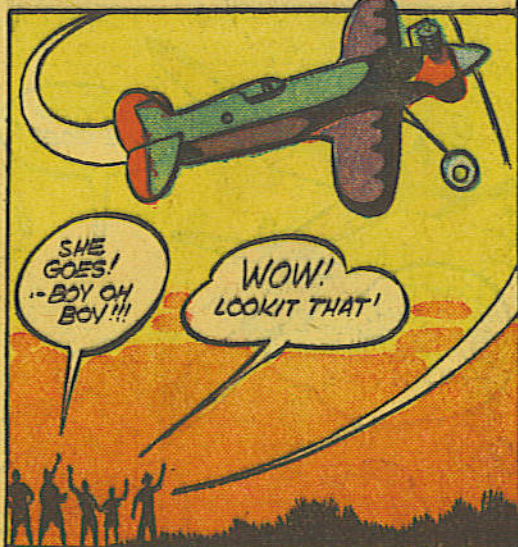


MEANWHILE

BE READY IN A SECOND, BOYS-- THAT GADGET ON THE BODY SHOULD CONTACT ELECTRIC WAVES AND CONVERT THEM INTO ADDED HORSE-POWER!

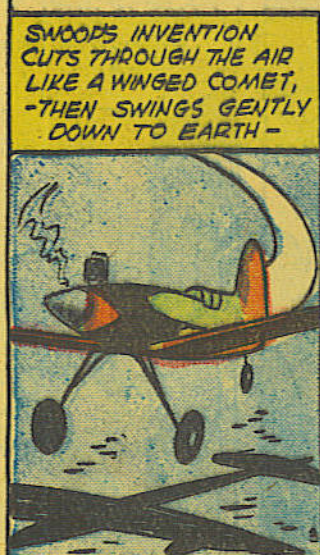


IF IT WORKS, UNCLE SAM WILL HAVE A FIGHTING PLANE THAT CAN'T BE TOUCHED BY ANY FOREIGN POWER-- IT WILL GO FASTER-- AND ON LESS GASOLINE!



SHE GOES! --BOY OH BOY!!!

WOW! LOOKIT THAT!



SWOOD'S INVENTION CUTS THROUGH THE AIR LIKE A WINGED COMET, --THEN SWINGS GENTLY DOWN TO EARTH--



HM-M-M-- THE THING WORKS ALRIGHT, --WONDER IF I COULD--

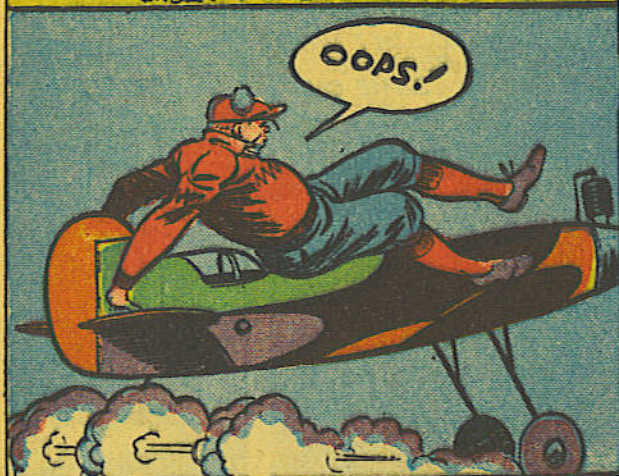
IT'S EVEN STRONG ENOUGH TO SIT ON!

GEE-- THAT WAS SWELL, SWOOD!



STINKEY'S FOOT MOVES SLOWLY TOWARD THE STARTING LEVER---

- WITH A SUDDEN ROAR THE PLANE STREAKS UNDER WINKIE -



H-HEY-
LET ME
DOWN!



AT SWOOD'S LABORATORY
'STINKY' HAUPTMAN'S FATHER
LOSES NO TIME -



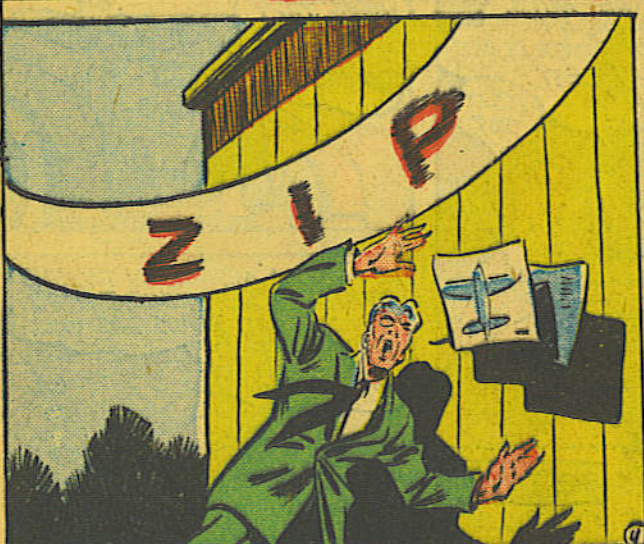
HUMPH-DESE INVENTIONS
ARE FANATIC BUT SO
MANY REALLY WORK -
BETTER SEND DEM TO
DER FATERLAND FOR
ANALYSIS!



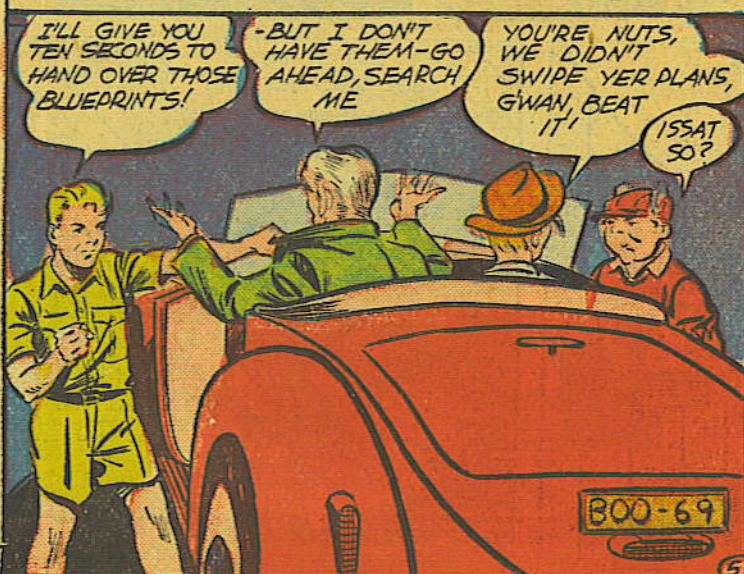
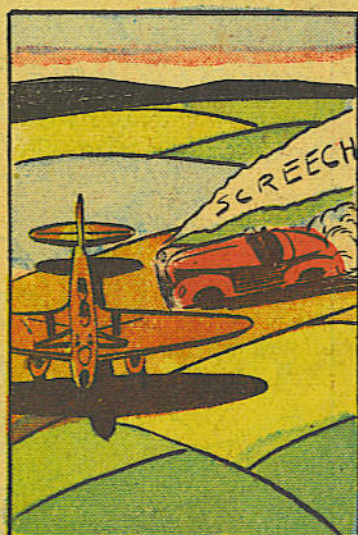
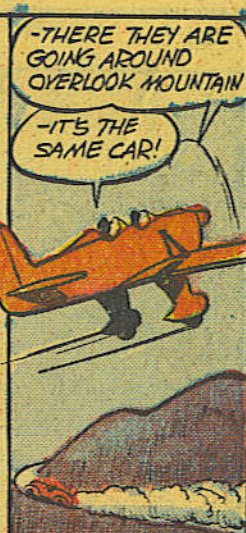
-SOMEONE
FOOLIN'
AROUND
SWOOD'S
LAB!



BOY- AM I GLAD
TO SEE THIS WATER!



HELP COMBAT CROOKS, READ 'CRIME DOES NOT PAY'!

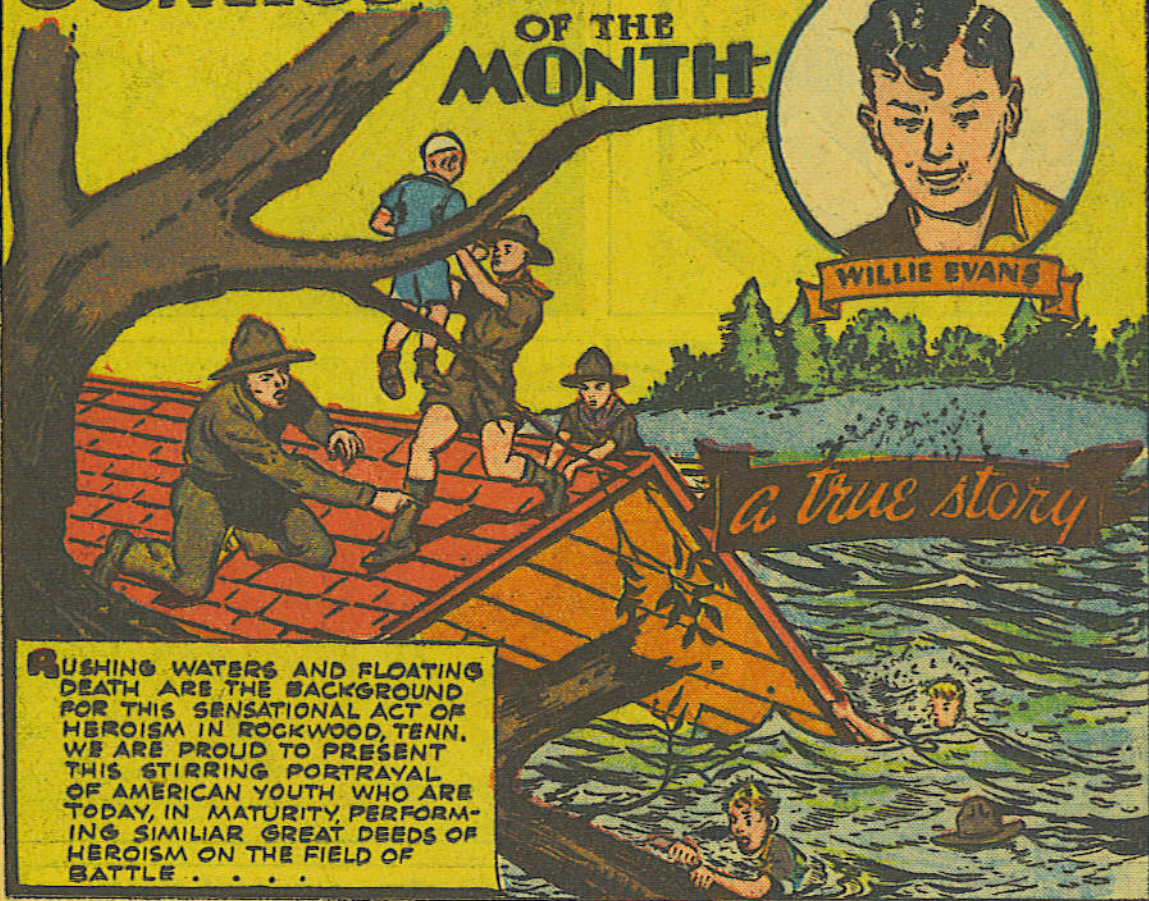


BOY COMICS HERO

OF THE MONTH



WILLIE EVANS



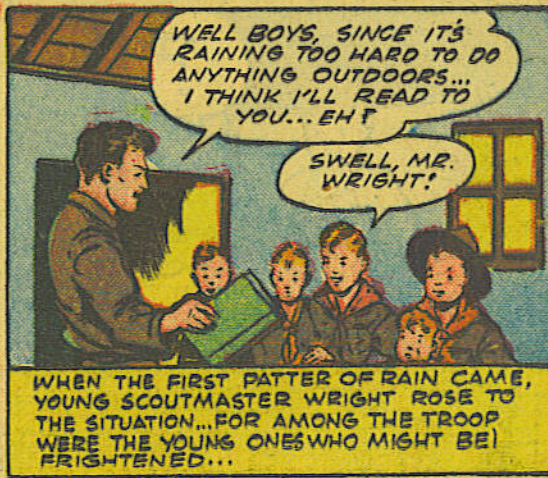
RUSHING WATERS AND FLOATING DEATH ARE THE BACKGROUND FOR THIS SENSATIONAL ACT OF HEROISM IN ROCKWOOD, TENN. WE ARE PROUD TO PRESENT THIS STIRRING PORTRAYAL OF AMERICAN YOUTH WHO ARE TODAY, IN MATURITY, PERFORMING SIMILAR GREAT DEEDS OF HEROISM ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE

SCOUTS HIKING HAPPILY TOWARD THEIR MOUNTAIN CAMP...HOW LITTLE THEY REALIZE WHAT GRIM SHADOW OF DISASTER HOVERS ABOVE THEM...



GOSH.. THIS IS SWELL, WILLIE!

HOW DO YOU LIKE YOUR FIRST CAMPING TRIP, DOUGLAS?



WELL BOYS, SINCE IT'S RAINING TOO HARD TO DO ANYTHING OUTDOORS... I THINK I'LL READ TO YOU... EH?

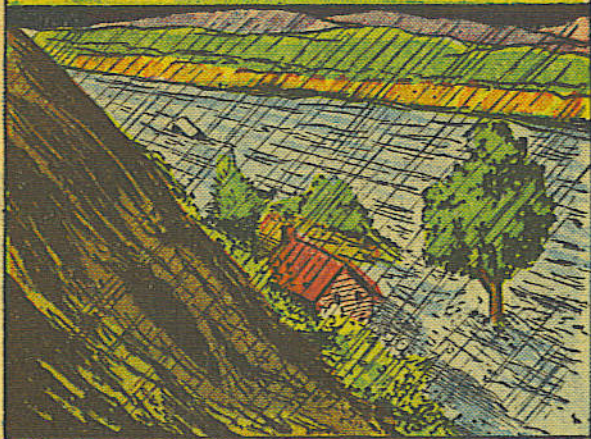
SWELL, MR. WRIGHT!

WHEN THE FIRST PATTERN OF RAIN CAME, YOUNG SCOUTMASTER WRIGHT ROSE TO THE SITUATION...FOR AMONG THE TROOP WERE THE YOUNG ONES WHO MIGHT BE FRIGHTENED...

HMMM...THE STORM IS
MAKING SO MUCH NOISE,
YOU FELLOWS CAN'T HEAR!
ME... SO, WE MAY AS WELL
GO TO BED!!

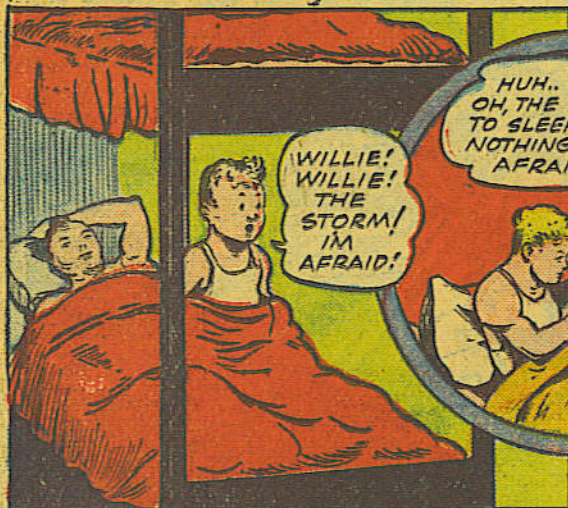


BUT MEANWHILE OUTSIDE THE CABIN,
WHAT WAS AT FIRST A NORMAL RAIN-
STORM, IS NOW A CLOUDBURST, RISING
IN FURY WITH EACH PASSING MINUTE...



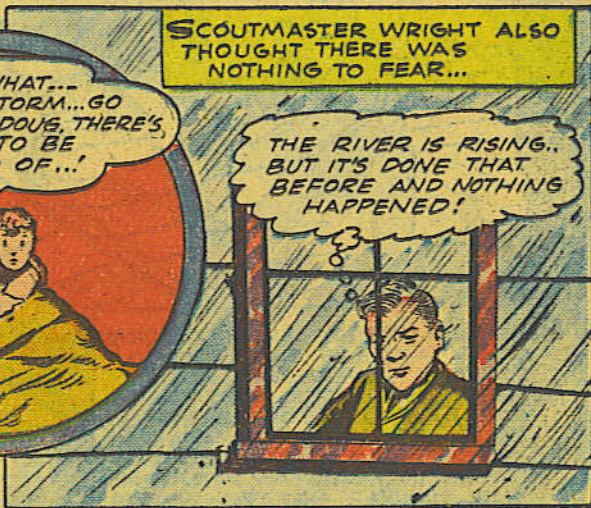
WILLIE!
WILLIE!
THE
STORM!
I'M
AFRAID!

HUH.. WHAT...
OH, THE STORM...GO
TO SLEEP, DOUG, THERE'S
NOTHING TO BE
AFRAID OF...



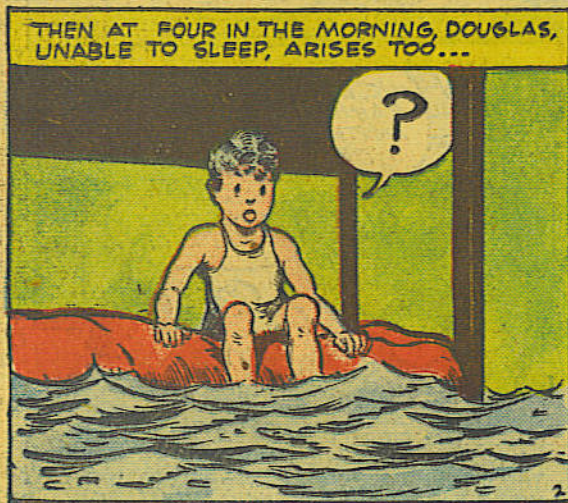
SCOUTMASTER WRIGHT ALSO
THOUGHT THERE WAS
NOTHING TO FEAR...

THE RIVER IS RISING..
BUT IT'S DONE THAT
BEFORE AND NOTHING
HAPPENED!



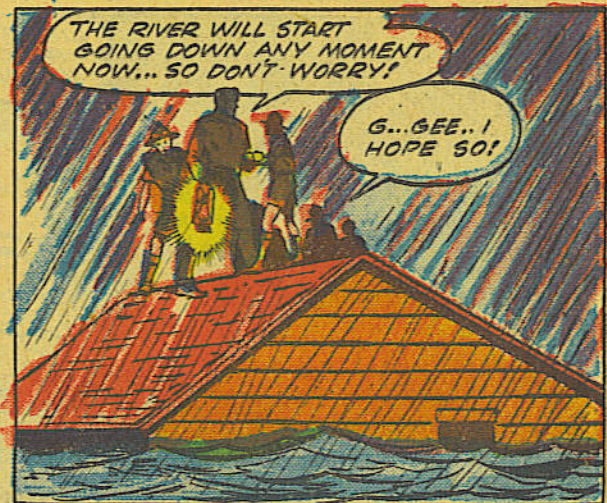
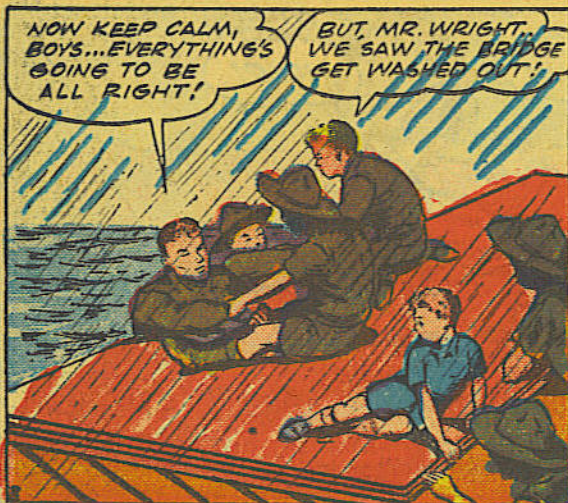
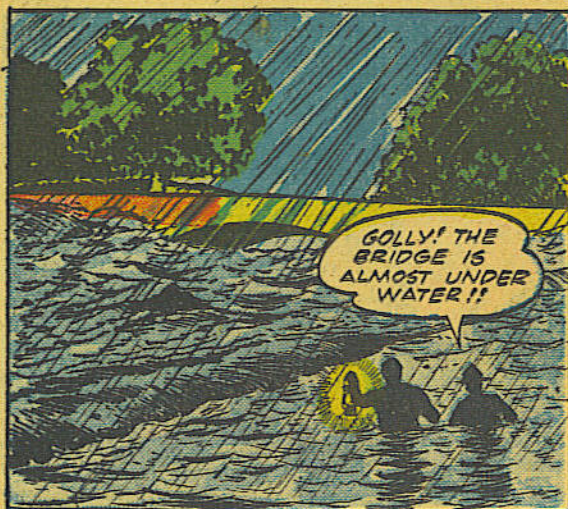
THEN AT FOUR IN THE MORNING, DOUGLAS,
UNABLE TO SLEEP, ARISES TOO....

?



WILLIE! HELP!
HELP!..THE CABIN
IS FLOODED!





HELP WIN THE WAR, BUY DEFENSE STAMPS NOW!

SUDDENLY A SIGNAL LIGHT FLASHES FROM ACROSS THE RIVER...

LOOK, MR. WRIGHT...
SOMEONE'S SIGNALING
FROM THE OTHER BANK!

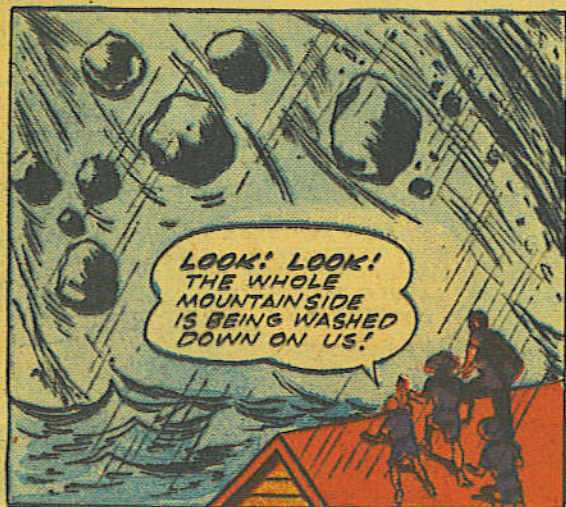


HE SIGNALS THAT
HELP IS COMING!

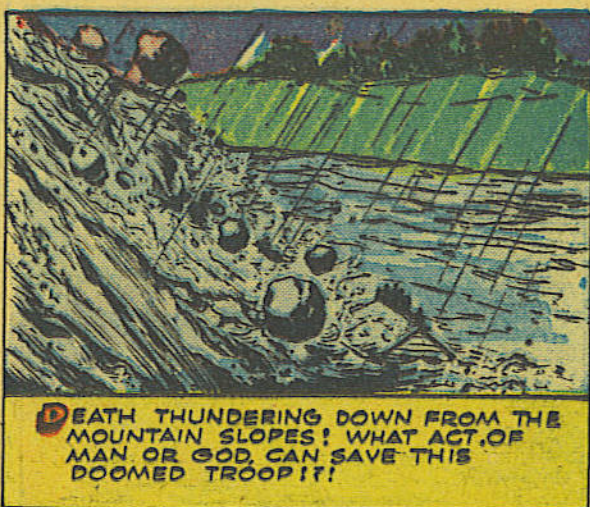
GOOD!



LOOK! LOOK!
THE WHOLE
MOUNTAIN-SIDE
IS BEING WASHED
DOWN ON US!

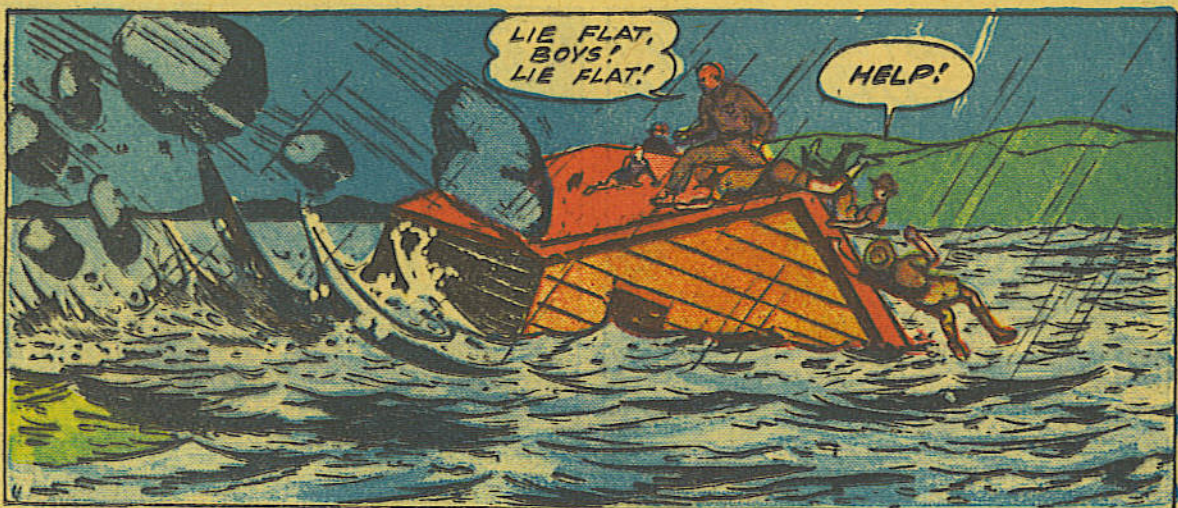


DEATH THUNDERING DOWN FROM THE
MOUNTAIN SLOPES! WHAT ACT OF
MAN OR GOD, CAN SAVE THIS
DOOMED TROOP!

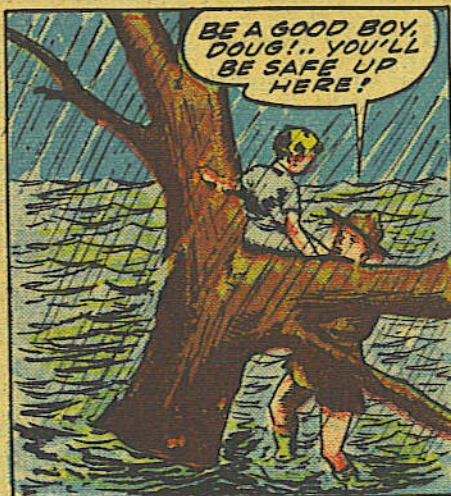
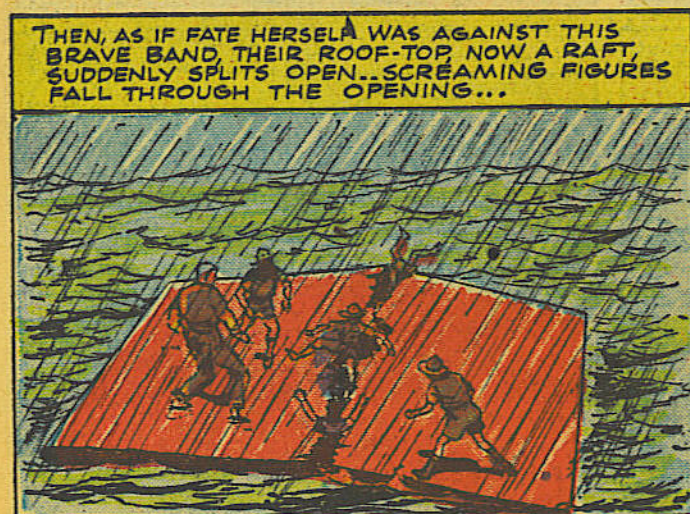
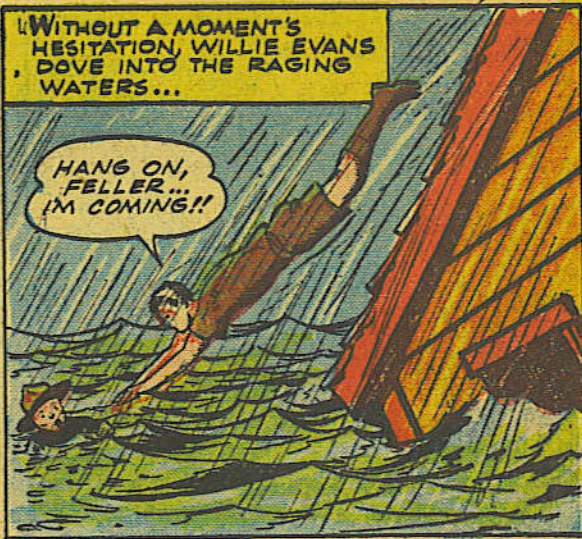
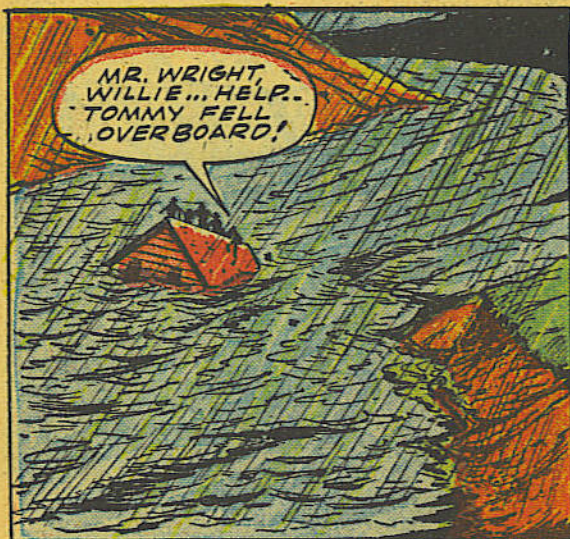


LIE FLAT,
BOYS!
LIE FLAT!

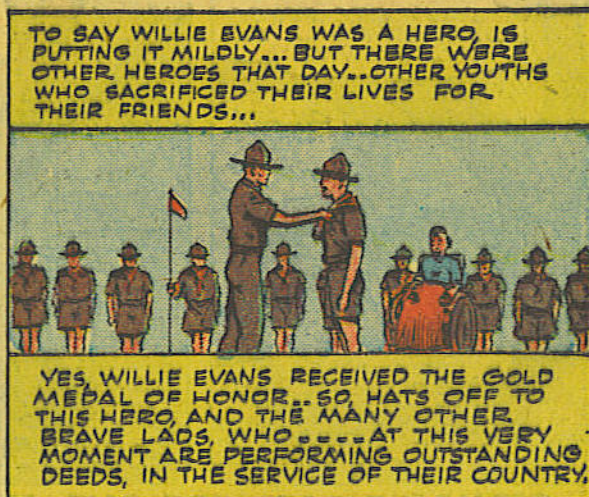
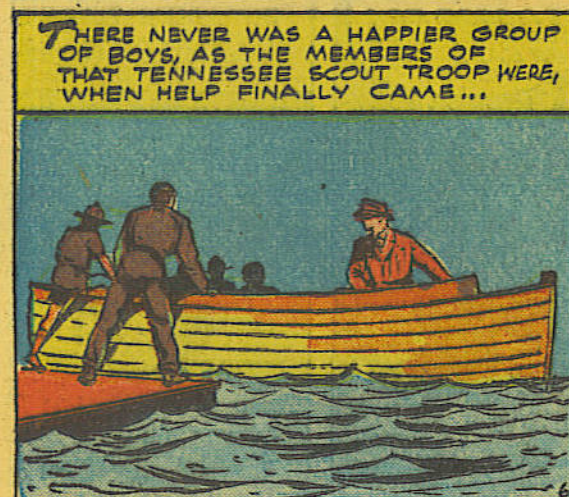
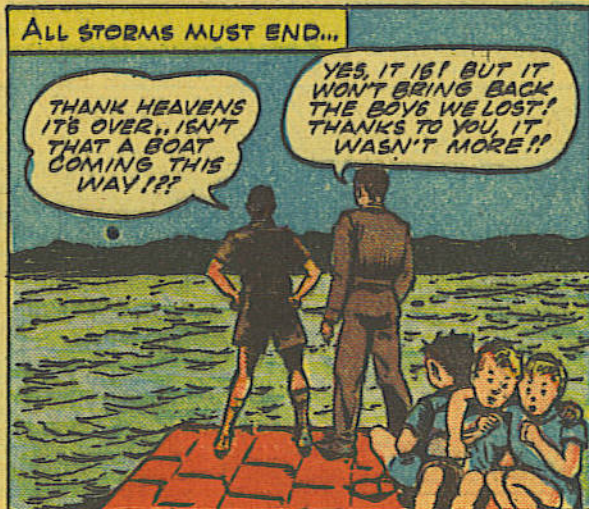
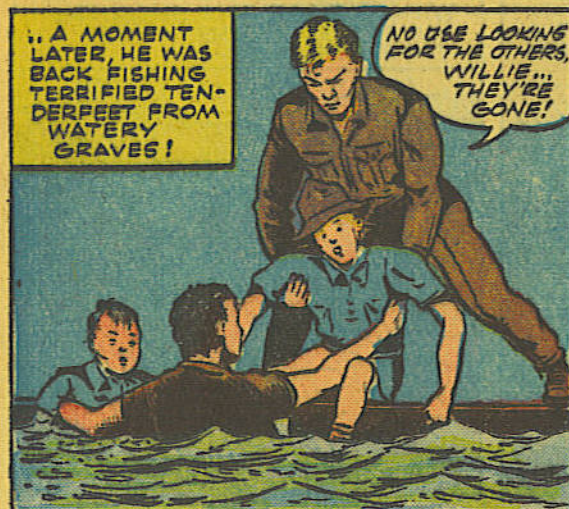
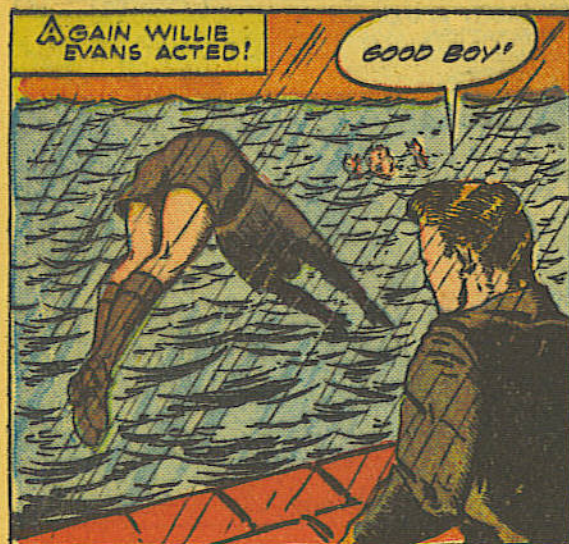
HELP!



ALL THE THRILLS OF TEN MAGAZINES IN 'CRIME DOES NOT PAY'!



GET 'CRIME DOES NOT PAY'. SHOW IT TO DAD, HE'LL LOVE IT!



IF YOU LIKE OUR MAGAZINE, TELL YOUR FRIENDS!



STAMPS



ELIAS

Charter Oak

In the 300th anniversary of the Settlement of Connecticut in 1935, the Post Office Department issued a special stamp to commemorate the event. No more appropriate design could have been chosen for use on the stamp than historic Charter Oak, the symbol of independence for the people of Connecticut.

There is a legend in Connecticut history regarding this old tree and it came about in this way: Back in 1657, John Whitney, Jr., was chosen as Governor of Connecticut Colony and by his skill in diplomacy, he procured in 1662, a Charter from Charles II, granting absolute autonomy to the Connecticut Colony. James II, the successor of Charles II, found in 1687 that the Charter was a barrier to his plan of making Connecticut part of his New England Colony. James sent the Governor General of New England, Sir Edmond Andros, to

Hartford, to demand delivery of the Charter. The colonists of Connecticut did not desire to give it up and by arrangement in advance, they appeared to be ready to submit to the demand of the king and called a meeting of the council for that evening, to surrender their Charter. While going through the ceremonies, the candle lights were blown out and during the confusion the Charter was stolen. The story continues that the Charter was hidden in a hollow of the Oak tree and was not brought out until Andros was removed from office two years later and the rights under the charter restored.

This historic Oak tree stood in Hartford, Connecticut until



MEANING OF "APPROVALS"

When the word "approvals" or "approval applicants" appears in any advertisement on these pages, it means that the advertiser, in addition to sending you the offer he makes you, sends you some sheets of paper upon which are stuck stamps that he wishes you to look over and possibly buy. These stamps have written below them the price he wishes for that stamp. If you want to buy it, you remove the stamp or stamps you want, and RETURN those you do NOT want together with the money for THOSE YOU HAVE KEPT. In other words, the stamps are for your "APPROVAL."

KNOW MORE ABOUT STAMPS

Be more successful in your stamp collecting; have more fun; know what to buy! Our BIG illustrated weekly stamp magazine tells all about stamps and stamp collecting. Special - 26 Weeks Subscription - 45c.

WEEKLY STAMP JOURNAL

Room 306, 55 Reade St., New York City

Historic Charter Oak Connecticut Tercentenary Issue

1856, when it was blown down in a storm. When a section of the tree trunk was cut, it was found to measure seven feet in diameter and its age computed at nearly one thousand years. On the spot where the historic tree stood there has been erected a monument on Charter Oak Place, in Hartford.

GIGANTIC CANADIAN BARGAIN

Complete set Royal Visit, Coronation, Jubilee, new George VI set, Confederation, Geo. V set, etc. A gigantic bargain. Only 1c to approval applicants.

1c ENSIGN STAMPCO., Box 115, So. Orange, N. J. 1c

UNITED STATES BARGAIN

Here's an offer so stupendous that it is almost unbelievable: 52 different U.S. stamps ranging in age as far back as over sixty years and in face value as high as the dollar Wilson, composed entirely of face and different postage, airmail and commemorative stamps, nothing else. In addition, 2 U.S. Postage pictorials.

We will send all these for only 10c, but only to sincere approval applicants. In asking for approvals please state whether you are interested in United States or foreign stamps or both.

Approval Headquarters
GLOBUS STAMP COMPANY
268 Fourth Avenue, Dept. 102, New York City

STAMPS — HINGES — BOOK

Packages of 100 different stamps from world; 50c. Stamp hinges and 48 page STAMP COLLECTIONS HANDBOOK full of valuable information. Everything 10c to approval applicants.
H. S. Dolin, 41 Park Row, N. Y. C.

SUPER-WONDER PACKET OFFERED

Containing stamps from AFGHANISTAN (oblong), NORTH BORNEO (buffalo), IRAQ (late king), SARAWAK (raja), GUATEMALA (sugar refining), COSTA RICA (triangle), MARTINIQUE (palace), BRUNEL (boating). This entire packet for only 3c to approval applicants. Big illustrated lists free with each order.

KENT STAMP CO.

G.P.O. Box 87(6) Brooklyn, N. Y.

U. S. APPROVAL SERVICE

Drop us a postcard and we will send you by return mail a free selection of commemoratives, air mail and pictorials. Write today!
HUBER STAMP CO. Dept. 35
1227 Chelton Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

CHINA — U. S. CONSTITUTION

Large U. S. flag and China map stamp in full colors included in our packet of 101 different stamps from the world for ONLY 5c to approval applicants.

B & L STAMP CO.

Dept. 8, Box 357, Jamaica, N. Y.

115 ALL DIFFERENT STAMPS
Catalog value over \$2.25
given to approval applicants
sending 4c postage

ZEPHYR 3437 N. Kolmar, Chicago

EARN CASH! EARN STAMPS!

Boys and girls sell my approvals, nickel packets and supplies in your school, club and neighborhood, or to yourself. Bargains in stamps and profits to you.

MORTIMER ELLIS

31 Reade St., Dept. 8-5, New York, N. Y.

55 DIFF. UNITED STATES 5c
Including AIRMAILS, PRESIDENTIALS, high values 18th cent., commemoratives, coils, revenues, etc. To applicants for our BARGAIN APPROVALS. FREE BIG LIST included.

W. C. BOOKMAN

Box 145 X Maplewood, N. J.

GIVEN MEXICO FREE
CENSUS SET COMPLETE
Free to approval applicants
PLADON STAMP CO.
1717 Idaho, Dept. C, Toledo, Ohio

PONY EXPRESS SET
Rare collectors have seen these rare U.S. locals issued by Wells, Fargo & Co. in 1861. Since originals are practically unobtainable, we will send a free set of facsimile reproductions to approval applicants who include 4c (four cents) postage.

R.D. Roberts & Co. 410 Shearer Bldg., Bay City, Mich.

Weird Stamps From Distant Lands
Source NEJD (Arabia): set of AZERBAIJAN (Baku oil fields); weird set from GEORGIA (Caucasian Republic); sets from BELANGOR and PERAK (Malaya); PLUS a packet of 25 diff. Asia including beautiful pictorials, all ONLY 5c to approval applicants.

RIDGEWAY STAMPS

Dept. 8, 1422 13th Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

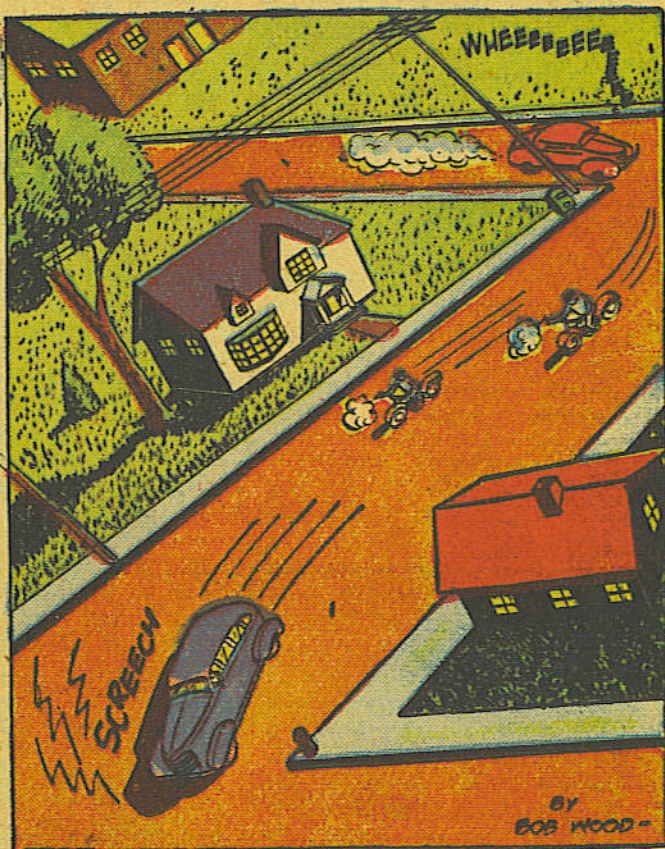
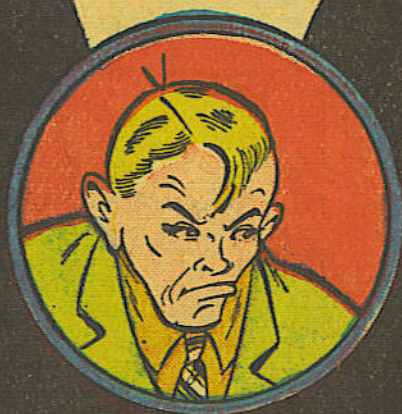
6 LIBERIA AIRMAIL TRIANGLES 5c
Complete set to approval applicants only.
L. W. BROWN Dept. "B" Marion, Mich.

Please note: ALL NAMES OF PERSONS AND EVENTS HEREIN
DEPICTED ARE FICTITIOUS. ANY SIMILARITY TO ACTUAL
PERSONS LIVING OR DEAD IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL.

The Case of **LARRY RILEY**

CASE

1005



HELP COMBAT CROOKS, READ "CRIME DOES NOT PAY"

G-GOSH, MOM-
WHY WAS I SO
FOOLISH--BUT
IT'S TOO LATE
NOW!

"IF ONLY I COULD GO BACK AND DO
IT ALL OVER AGAIN--THAT DAY TWO
YEARS AGO WHEN I STOLE FIFTY
CENTS FROM DOD'S COAT POCKET"

"DETERMINED TO MAKE
GOOD MY THREAT, I RAN
AWAY THAT NIGHT..."

NO SON OF MINE
IS GOING TO BE A
THIEF! I'M GOING
TO GIVE YOU THE
BEATING OF
YOUR LIFE!

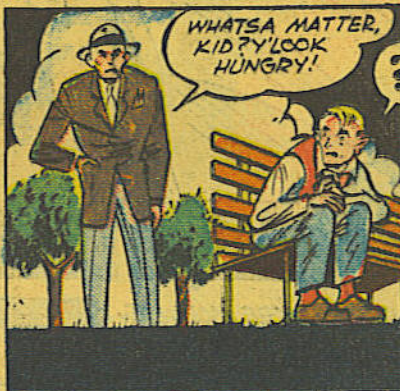
OH, YEAH!
YOU'LL BE
SORRY!



"LIKE A LOT OF OTHER FOOLISH BOYS
I HIT THE ROAD--THINGS WERE FAR
FROM EASY--MORE THAN ONCE I
STARTED FOR HOME BUT SOMETHING
ALWAYS SEEMED TO KEEP ME GOING"

"FINALLY I LANDED IN NEW YORK
CITY--I WAS SLEEPING IN CENTRAL
PARK AND PRETTY HUNGRY MOST
OF THE TIME--THEN ONE DAY
A STRANGER APPROACHED ME"

C'MON,
KID, I'LL BUY
YOU A MEAL--I
BEEN PLENTY
HUNGRY MYSELF,
IN DE OLD
DAYS!

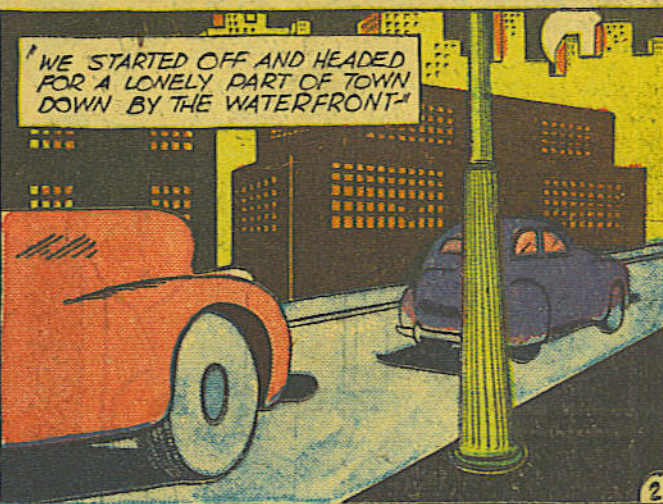


"HE FED ME, BOUGHT ME SOME SWELL
CLOTHES AND PUT ME UP AT HIS
APARTMENT--THEN--THREE DAYS LATER--"

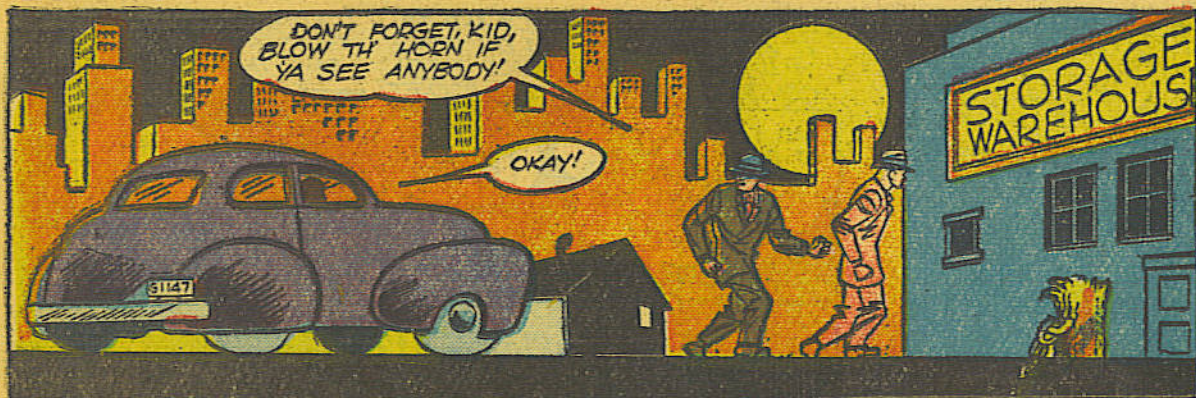
LISSEN, KID, MARTY HERE
AND ME HAS AN APPOINT-
MENT TONIGHT--IT'S
VERY IMPORTANT--AN'
PRIVATE!!! ALL'S WE
WANT YOU TO DO IS
SIT IN THE CAR AND
BLOW THE HORN TWICE
IF YA SEE ANYBODY
AROUND!

SURE
THING--
GLAD TO
DO IT!

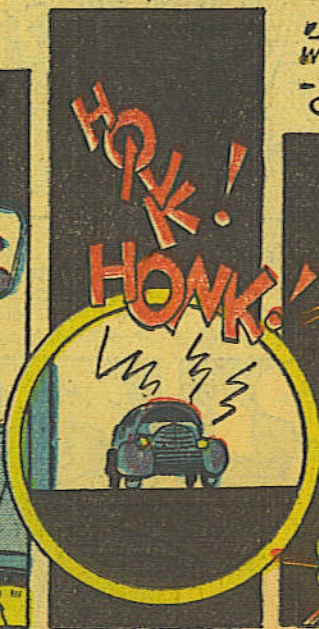
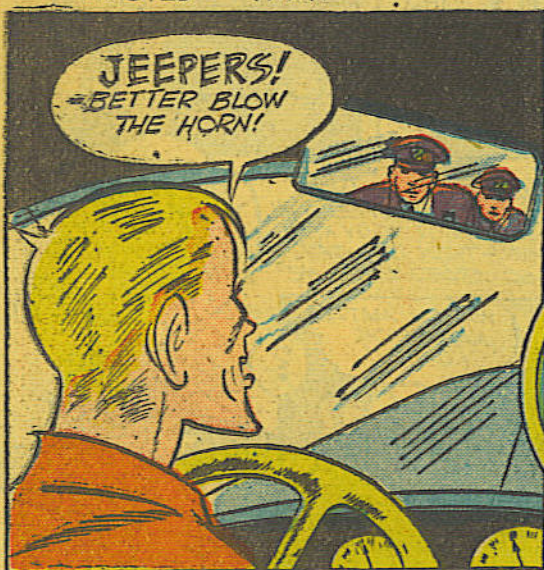
"WE STARTED OFF AND HEADED
FOR A LONELY PART OF TOWN
DOWN BY THE WATERFRONT--"



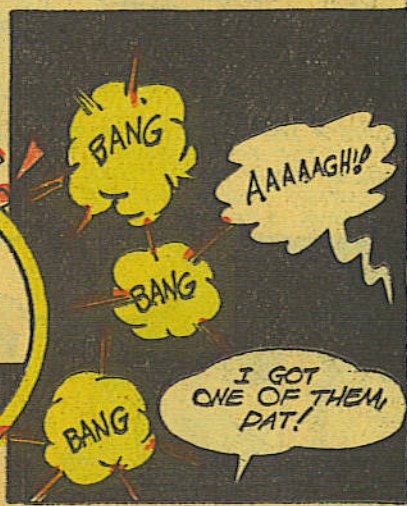
HAVE YOU READ THE LATEST BOY COMICS YET--GET IT TODAY!



"THEY'D BEEN GONE ABOUT TWO MINUTES — WHEN —"

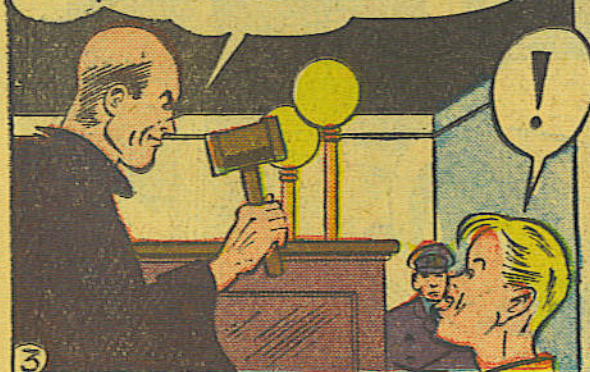


"NEXT THING I KNEW THERE WERE GUNSHOTS IN THE DARK — I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT WAS GOING ON — OR WHAT TO DO!"



"I LEARNED LATER THAT THEY WERE MOBSTERS — BOTH WERE KILLED BY THOSE OFFICERS — I WAS ARRESTED — AND TWO DAYS LATER —"

"I'M SORRY, MY BOY — BUT AS YOU REFUSE TO GIVE US ANY INFORMATION AS TO WHO YOU ARE OR WHERE YOU CAME FROM, YOUR INVOLVEMENT IN THE CASE LEAVES ME NO ALTERNATIVE BUT TO SENTENCE YOU TO ONE YEAR IN THE STATE REFORM SCHOOL —"



"TOO PROUD TO WRITE HOME FOR HELP, I AGAIN FOUND MYSELF IN THE BIG CITY— THIS TIME DETERMINED TO FIND A JOB AND MAKE GOOD— BUT IT SEEMED EVEN MORE DIFFICULT THAN BEFORE—"

"I FINALLY DID LAND A JOB FOR JUST ONE DAY, WASHING DISHES—"

"WHEN I FINISHED WORK THAT DAY—"



THANK HEAVENS FOR THIS— IT'LL KEEP ME IN FOOD FOR TWO DAYS!



SAY, AIN'T DAT THE KID WHO WAS MIXED UP IN DAT WAREHOUSE ROBBERY ABOUT A YEAR AGO?

YEAH, AN' THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA— HEY, KID!



"SO YER LOOKIN' FER A JOB— NOW AIN'T DAT A COINCIDENCE— I WUZ JUST LOOKING FER A CHAUFFEUR— IF YA CAN DRIVE, THE JOB'S YOURS AT TWENTY-FIVE SMACKERS A WEEK STARTIN' T'MORROW!"

"HE TOLD ME TO KEEP THE MOTOR RUNNING AND WAIT FOR HIM AT A DESIGNATED SPOT— LITTLE DID I REALIZE THAT IT WAS RIGHT AROUND THE CORNER FROM THE 3RD NATIONAL BANK—"

C'MON, KID, FASTER— I'M IN A HURRY—

GOSH, I'M DOING SIXTY FIVE ALREADY!



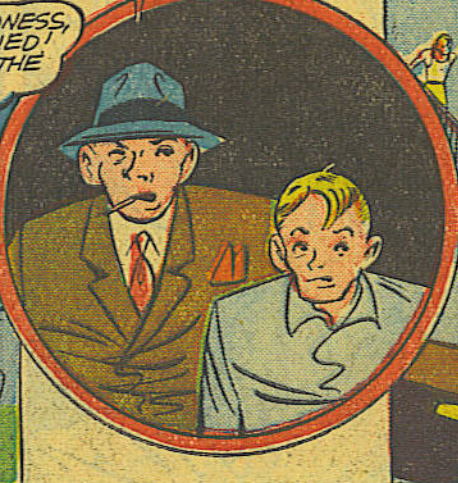
OUR DESTINATION WAS A LONELY CABIN HIGH IN THE CATSKILLS ABOUT 150 MILES FROM THE CITY. A GIRL GREETED US THERE...

OH HIM? HE'S OUR NEW CHAUFFEUR, MARGE— MORT GOT SICK!

THAT NIGHT I GOT UP FOR A DRINK OF WATER, AND QUITE BY ACCIDENT, LEARNED SOME SHOCKING NEWS—

HOWYA, MARGE? I MADE IT ALRIGHT!

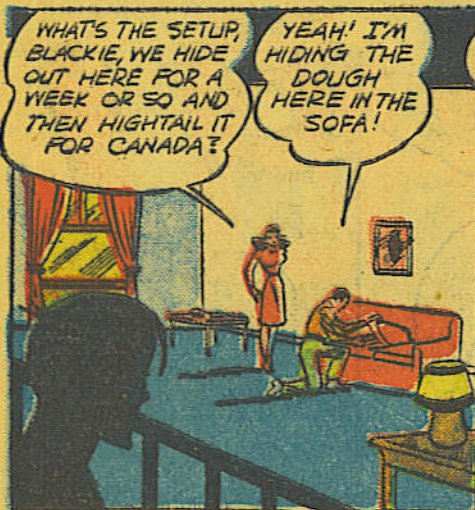
THANK GOODNESS, I WAS WORRIED! SAY— WHO'S THE KID HERE?



!—THE THIEF SPED OFF IN A BLUE SEDAN WITH A YOUNGSTER AT THE WHEEL—
—POLICE SUSPECT BLACKIE RYAN, ETC. ETC!



HELP WIN THE WAR, BUY DEFENSE STAMPS NOW!



WHAT'S THE SETUP, BLACKIE, WE HIDE OUT HERE FOR A WEEK OR SO AND THEN HIGHTAIL IT FOR CANADA?

YEAH! I'M HIDING THE DOUGH HERE IN THE SOFA!



GOSH, HERE I AM MIXED UP IN ANOTHER JAM - WHAT'LL I DO -- I'VE GOT IT - I'LL WAIT TILL MORNING, AN' THEN -



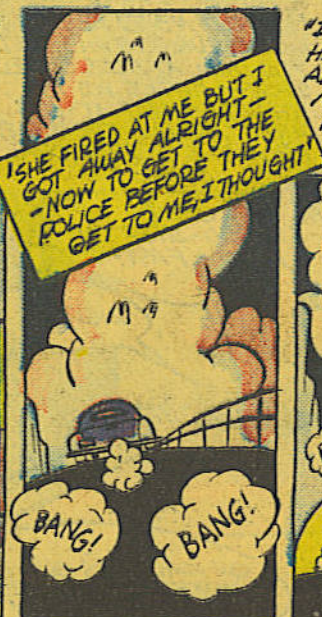
YOU DIRTY CROOK, I'M NOT GOING BACK TO RE- FORM SCHOOL FOR YOU!

EVERYTHING TURNED OUT JUST AS I HAD PLANNED, I CAUGHT BLACKIE OFF GUARD - AND THEN RAN FOR THE MONEY.

"I KNEW THAT BY HANDING OVER THE MONEY TO THE POLICE I WOULD CLEAR MYSELF - I SEIZED THE MONEY AND HAD JUST REACHED THE CAR WHEN BLACKIE'S GIRL SAW ME --"



STOP! YOU BRAT!



IS HE FIRED AT ME BUT I GOT AWAY ALRIGHT - NOW TO GET TO THE POLICE BEFORE THEY GET TO ME, I THOUGHT!

BANG!

BANG!

"I HADN'T GONE FAR WHEN I HEARD SIRENS - TWO MOTORCYCLES AND A SQUAD CAR WERE ON MY TAIL - THEY HAD RECOGNIZED THE LICENSE NUMBER ON BLACKIE'S CAR --"



THEY'VE SPOTTED ME, ALRIGHT - BETTER STEP ON IT!

"I LED THEM A MERRY CHASE AND WAS WITHIN HALF A MILE FROM THE POLICE STATION, WHEN--"



AAAAGH! THEY GOT ME!



NEXT THING I KNEW I WAS HERE -- I ONLY WISH TH-THAT-- G-GOSH, EVERYTHING'S GOING BLACK - HELP, PUT THE LIGHTS ON - DON'T LEAVE ME IN THE DARK!



I'M SORRY, MRS. RILEY!

OH, MY BOY, IF ONLY HE HADN'T GOTTEN ON THE WRONG TRACK!

WE FEEL THE SAME AS YOU, MRS. RILEY, BUT LET'S HOPE THAT YOUR SON HAS NOT DIED IN VAIN - LET'S HOPE THAT HIS SAD EXPERIENCE WILL SERVE TO MAKE OTHERS MORE CAUTIOUS ABOUT MAKING SUCH A MISTAKE --- The Editors ---

BOMB SHELL

SON of WAR

by
BRANN
MURKIN



SABOTAGE!

OUT OF THE SMOKE-FILLED RUINS OF BATTERED EUROPE EMERGES THE LURKING FIGURE OF SABOTAGE..STRIKING WITH THE DEADLY ACCURACY OF A COBRA, IT LEAVES IN ITS WAKE, A PATH OF UTTER DESOLATION...ON-INTO THIS RAGING INFERNO OF DEATH AND DESTRUCTION RACES BOMB SHELL TO BATTLE THE MOST DEADLY SABOTAGE PLAN EVER TO BE STIRRED IN THE BUBBLING KETTLE OF NAZI TERROR---

After ESCAPING FROM THE NAZI PRISON BOMB SHELL WENT TO ENGLAND WHERE HE BOARDED AN EMPTY TROOP TRANSPORT RETURNING TO AMERICA FOR A NEW LOAD OF DOUGHBOYS--



At F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS...

I'M INFORMING YOU THAT YOUR NEXT ASSIGNMENT IS TO ACCOMPANY A GROUP OF POLICE AND FORM A GUARD AROUND THE NEW CRUISER BEING LAUNCHED TODAY--WE GOT A TIP--MAYBE A SABOTAGE!



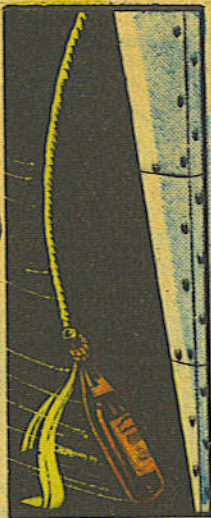
Later THAT DAY--



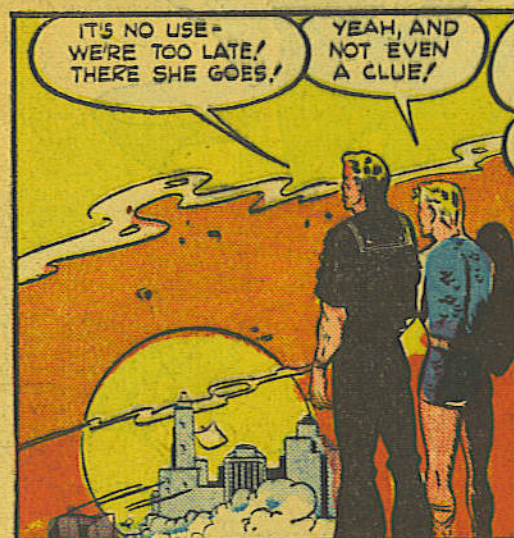
HELP WIN THE WAR, BUY DEFENSE STAMPS NOW!



OH MY--THIS IS GETTING TO BE A HABIT--MY SIXTH CRUISER IN TWO YEARS!



HEY!! STOP THAT TRUCK!!



IT'S NO USE--WE'RE TOO LATE! THERE SHE GOES!

YEAH, AND NOT EVEN A CLUE!

I BEG TO DIFFER WITH YOU--I'M CAPTAIN BECKER OF THE F.B.I. AND THERE IS A CLUE--A NEWSPAPER FROM A TOWN CALLED WHITE LAKE BLEW OUT OF THAT TRUCK!

BOMBSHELL, I HAVE FAITH IN YOU--GO TO WHITE LAKE AND FIND OUT ALL YOU CAN! WHEN YOU GET THERE, GET IN TOUCH WITH THE CONSTABLE FOR AID AND KEEP HEADQUARTERS POSTED!

I'LL DO MY BEST!



FOLLOWING HIS ORDERS, BOMBSHELL ARRIVES IN WHITE LAKE.

PHEW! WHAT A BURG--LET'S SEE, NOW--FIRST THE EDITOR OF THE LOCAL NEWSPAPER, THEN, I'LL GET IN TOUCH WITH MR. GORDON, THE CONSTABLE!



AT THE OFFICE OF THE WHITE LAKE NEWSPAPER...

...AND IF YOU'LL PRINT THAT HEADLINE, MR. GORDON, AND I WILL DO THE REST!

O.K. SURE THING!



THE NEXT DAY...

HEY, BOSS LOOK AT DIS HERE HEADLINE--MAJOR MARTINOTT TO PASS THRU WHITE LAKE WITH PLANS OF THE NEW NEUBURG AIRPORT!

YEAH, I KNOW AND I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT IT, BOYS--THIS IS OUR BIG CHANCE!



WE'LL MEET THEM JUST OUT OF THE VILLAGE-BARRICADE THE ROAD AND WHEN THEY GET OUT- WELL, YOU KNOW THE REST!

THIS IS GOIN' TO BE SOME SHOW!!



LATER THAT DAY...

C'MON, BOYS-WE'LL WAIT FOR THEM RIGHT AROUND THIS BEND!



HERE DEY COME, BOSS- GIT READY!

O.K. ALL SET TO GO!

A BARRICADE- THIS IS IT, BOMBSHELL, ARE YOU READY?

YEP-EVERY- THING IS WORK- ING SWELL! BOY, OUR PLAN CLICKED!



OH, BROTHER, A FIGHT!!

NOTHIN' BUT!



HOW ARE YOU DOIN' BOMBSHELL- ARE YOU HAVIN' ANY TROUBLE?

NOPE, BUT MY PARTNER HERE IS A BIT SHAKY!!



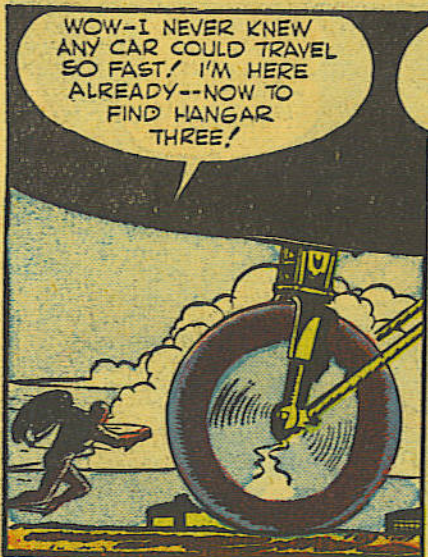
QUICK, BOMBSHELL, AFTER THAT GUY! FOLLOW HIM AND SEE IF THERE ARE ANY MORE OF THESE GUYS!



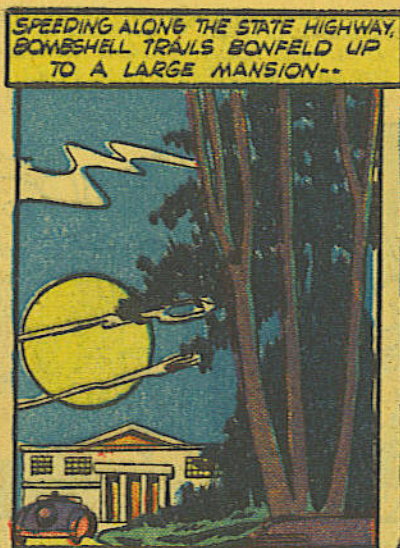
I'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO THE PLACE FAST!



SO HE WENT RIGHT INTO GYP'S CANDY STORE - THIS MAY PROVE VERY INTERESTING!



GET "CRIME DOES NOT PAY". SHOW IT TO DAD, HE'LL LOVE IT!



HELP COMBAT CROOKS, READ "CRIME DOES NOT PAY"



HUH?
A LITTLE
KID--HOW
IN--WHO
ARE YOU?

PLEASE TO
DLOP COIN
IN SLOT FOR
CHINA
RELIEF!



ME COOKS, LITTLE
BOY. I SEE YOU
IN PIT WITH MONKEY
-TLY TO HELP!

THANKS!



SAY, DO YOU
KNOW WHERE
I CAN FIND
THE MASTER
OF THIS
HOUSE?

COME
THIS
WAY!



THERE!
THANKS
AGAIN,
YOU STAY
OUT HERE, WHILE
I TAKE CARE
OF HIM!



WAIT !

HUH?

PLEASE TO
CALL
OUT!

HEADS!



AH
TAILS
!!



GO!



A FEW SECONDS
LATER--

HOLY CATS!!
WHAT'S GOIN'
ON HERE?

BANG
CRASH
BOOM
POW



GOSH I MUST BE
SLIPPING TO LET A
LITTLE HALF PINT TALK
ME OUT OF A GOOD
FIGHT--THAT KID MAY
BE IN TROUBLE IN
THERE--I'D BETTER--



SUDDENLY--

YEEOWW
HELP!! HELP!!
SAVE ME!!

發聲



PLEASE SAVE
ME--I'LL DO ANY-
THING! I..I'LL GO
TO JAIL..I'LL GIVE
YOU THE NAMES
OF ALL MY MEN--
ANYTHING, ONLY
KEEP THAT KID
AWAY FROM ME!

IT'S A
DEAL!

READ NEXT MONTH'S **BOY**
COMICS AND SEE HOW A
GREAT UNDERGROUND MOVE-
MENT IS ORGANIZED WHEN
"BOMBSHELL GOES TO MANILA--

KEEP OFF
THE GRASS!
POLICE ORDERS

LITTLE DYNAMITE

CAN'T YOU
SEE THAT SIG-
OW-W-W!

SOCK 'IM,
DYNAMITE!

SMACK!

OOOW!!

LIFE IN
NEW YORK'S
SLUMS IS
NEVER
EASY... BUT
**LITTLE
DYNAMITE**
LOVES IT AND
TAKES IT IN
HIS STRIDE...
OR DID UNTIL
SNAZZY HARRIS
AND TOMBOY
BERTHA BEGAN
TO TAKE AN
INTEREST IN
HIS CLUB...

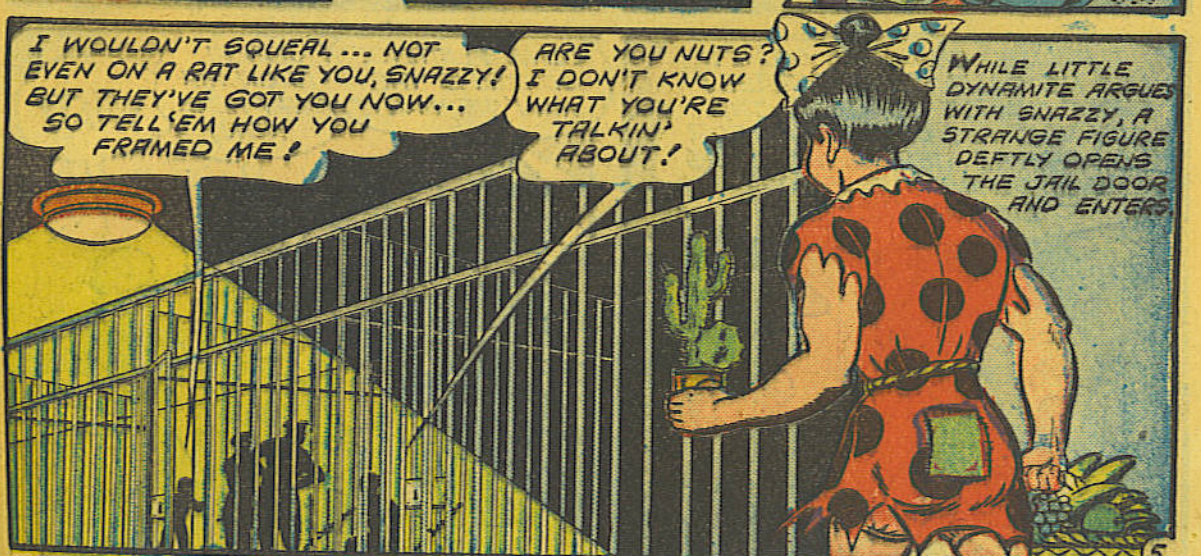
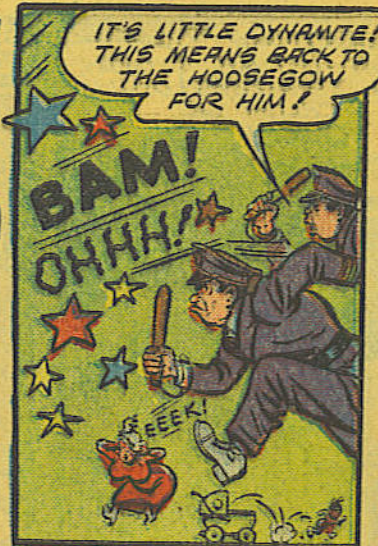
HELP WIN THE WAR, BUY DEFENSE STAMPS NOW!







HELP COMBAT CROOKS, READ 'CRIME DOES NOT PAY'!





HE'D TALK IF I WAS IN THERE!

IT'S NO USE-- HE WON'T CONFESS!

LET'S GO.

HUNGRY DYNAMITE?



BERTHA!! SAY-- LET ME INTO SNAZZY'S CELL-- QUICK!

OKAY, DYNAMITE!!



ONCE MORE BERTHA APPLIES HER "Talent" WITH LOCKS----

LOCKO BAM! BOOM!



HOW DID SHE GET IN HERE?

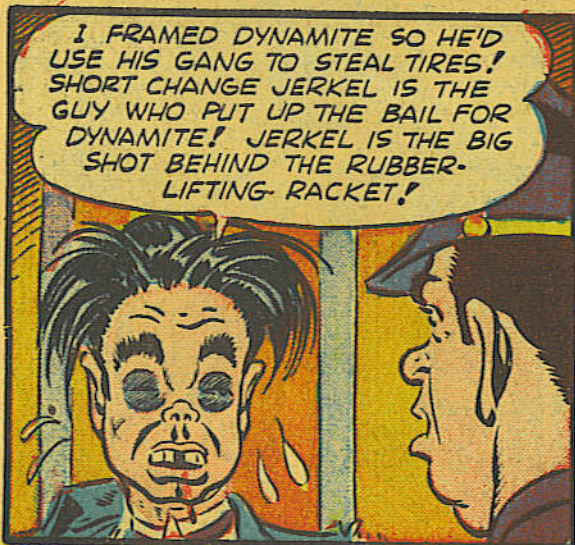
HOW DID DYNAMITE GET IN WITH SNAZZY?



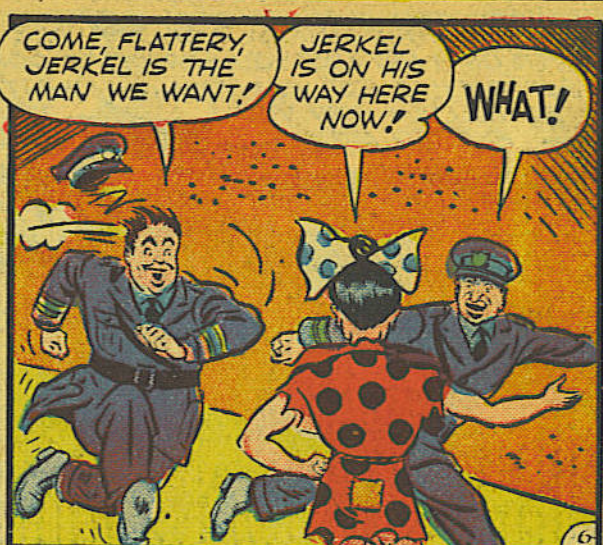
HERE, YOU TWO!! BREAK IT UP!

DON'T BE TOO HASTY, OFFICER!

OWW-- STOP!! I'LL CONFESS!!



I FRAMED DYNAMITE SO HE'D USE HIS GANG TO STEAL TIRES! SHORT CHANGE JERKEL IS THE GUY WHO PUT UP THE BAIL FOR DYNAMITE! JERKEL IS THE BIG SHOT BEHIND THE RUBBER-LIFTING RACKET!

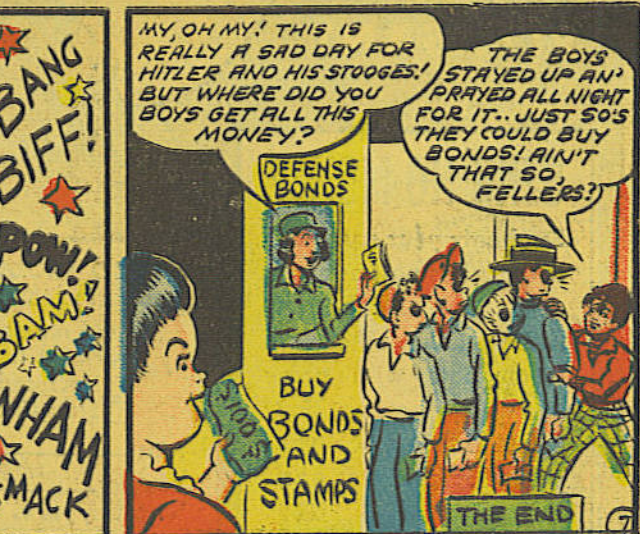
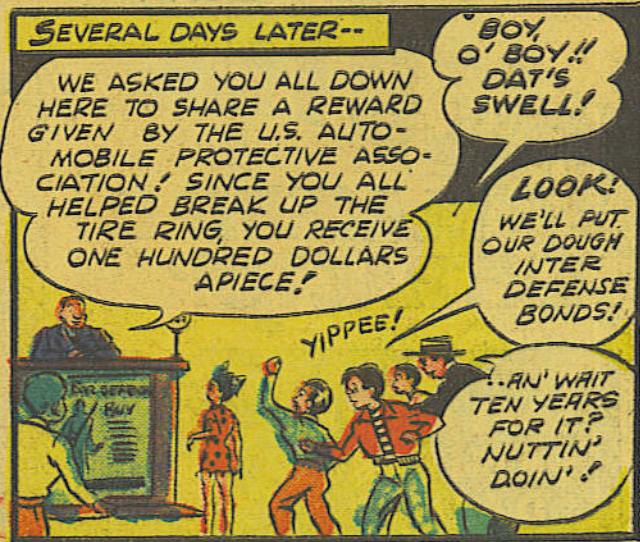
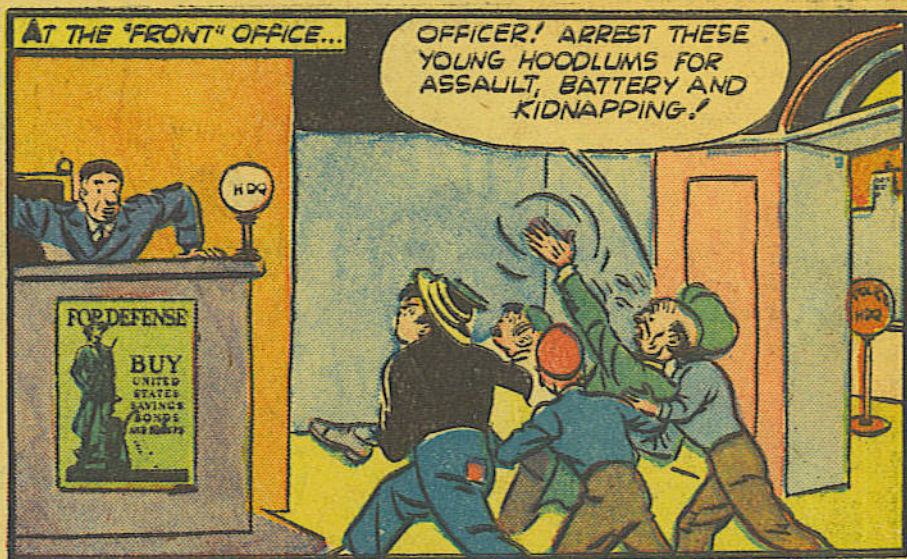


COME, FLATTERY, JERKEL IS THE MAN WE WANT!

JERKEL IS ON HIS WAY HERE NOW!

WHAT!

STICK TO COMIC HOUSE MAGAZINES, THEY'RE WHAT YOU WANT!



GET "CRIME DOES NOT PAY". SHOW IT TO DAD, HE'LL LOVE IT!

UGLY

BLACKHEADS OUT

in SECONDS with

**EVEN
THESE
..EASILY**

VACUTEX
**BLACKHEAD
EXTRACTOR**

\$1

**SAFE • SURE
SANITARY
DAINTY
FAST
PLEASANT**



Blackheads are ugly, offensive, embarrassing. They clog pores, mar your appearance, invite criticism. Now your blackheads can be removed in seconds, scientifically, painlessly, without injuring or squeezing the skin. VACUTEX creates a gentle vacuum around the blackhead, cleans out hard-to-reach places in a jiffy. Germ laden hands never touch the skin. Simply place the direction finder over blackhead, draw back extractor . . . and it's out. Release extractor and blackhead is ejected. VACUTEX does it all! Don't risk infection with old-fashioned methods. Get VACUTEX TODAY!

SEND NO MONEY

Send only your name and address. Pay postman only \$1.00 plus 20c postage and handling, or enclose \$1.00 now with order and we pay postage. Your blackheads out or your money refunded at once. Order now.

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Send me one of your VACUTEX blackhead extractors by return mail.

- ☐ Enclosed find \$1.00 in full payment
☐ Ship C.O.D. I will pay postman \$1.20

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

NOTE: If you do not care to tear out coupon, send order in envelope.



